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SUPERMAN

No. 74 JULY...TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION IND

ACTION COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WHO'S THE LADY?

... READ

"THE COURTSHIP OF ADELBERT DRIBBLE"

IN THIS ISSUE!

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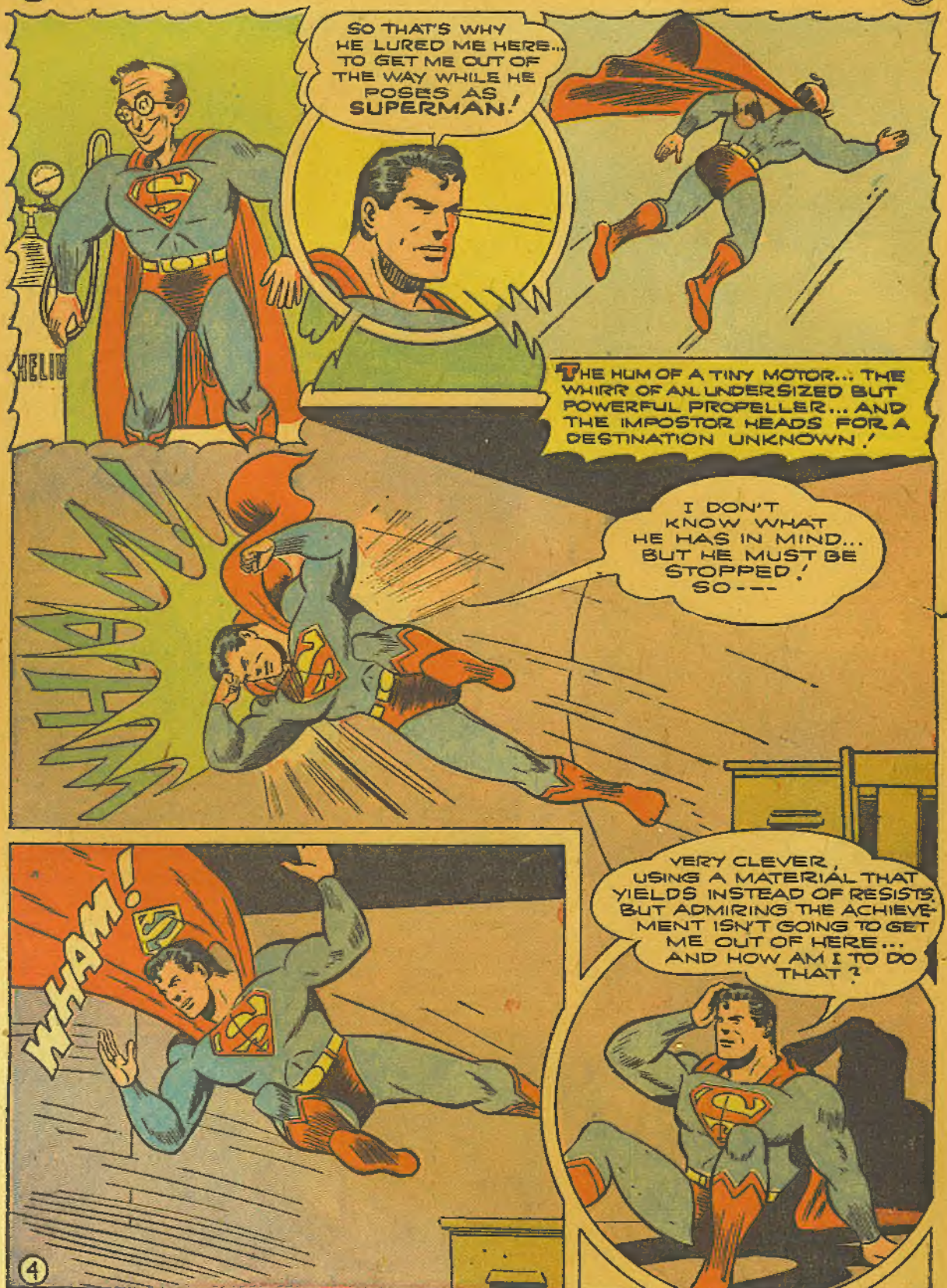
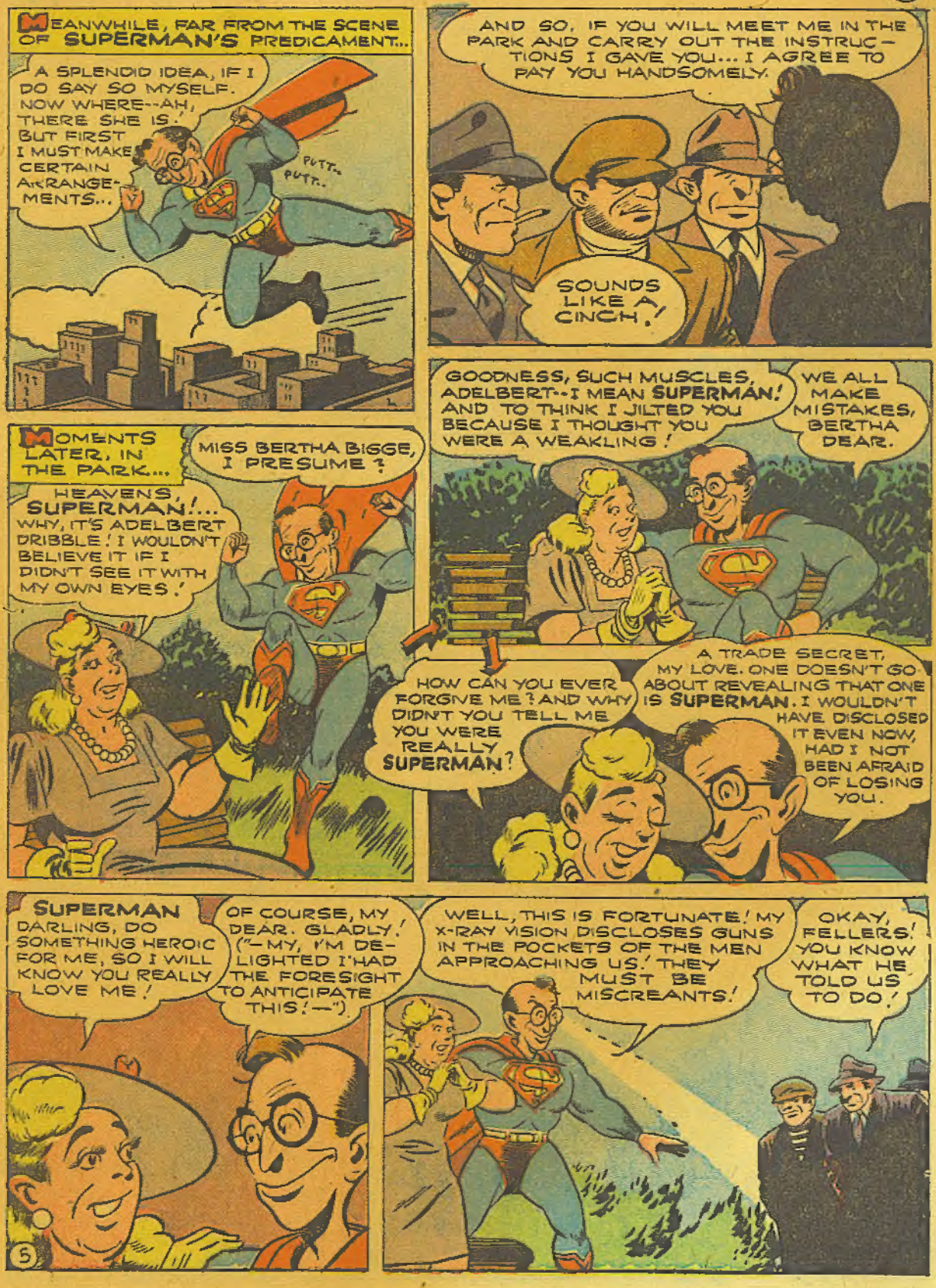
Printed in U.S.

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
"All's fair in love and war," QUOTH THE PROPHET... BUT HE APPARENTLY NEVER MET SUPERMAN! FOR THE MAN OF STEEL IS A STICKLER FOR THE RULES OF FAIR PLAY--AND WHEN A WISTFUL CHARACTER CONCEIVES A LURID PLAN BASED ON THE MAXIM ABOVE, SUPERMAN ARROWS INTO AS FANTASTIC AN ADVENTURE AS ANYBODY COULD WANT! ACCOMPANY HIM WHILE HE PLAYS A HARASSED CUPID IN THE FRANTIC...
"COURTSHIP OF ADELBERT DRIBBLE!"

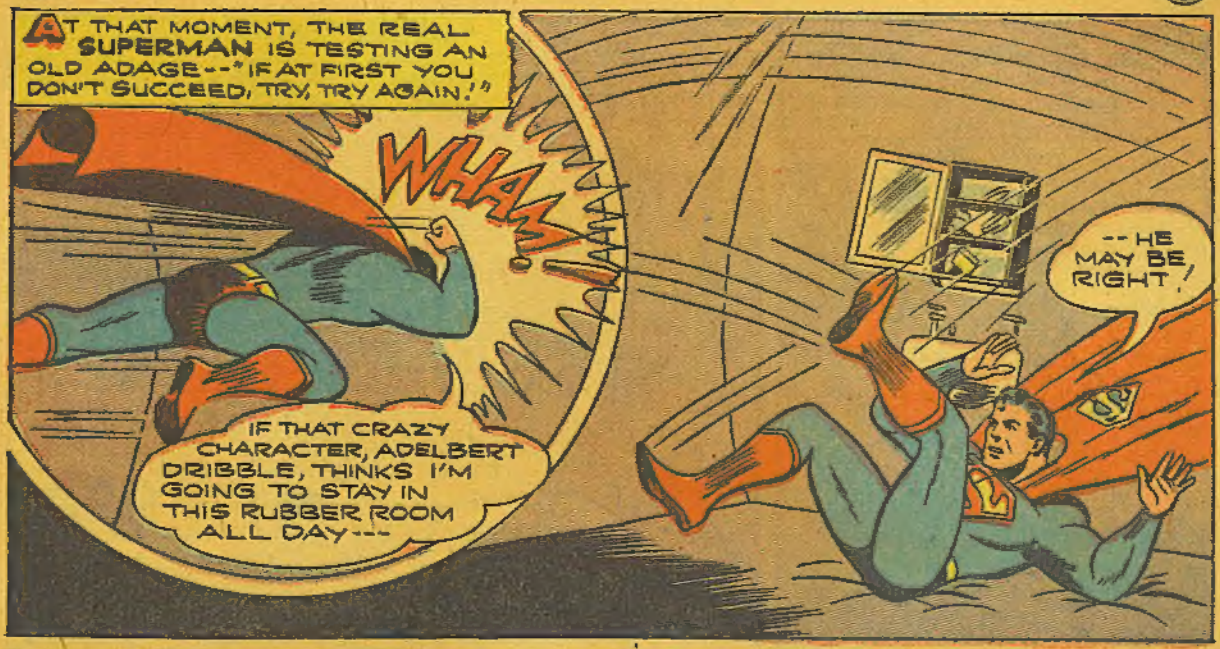
IN THE OFFICE OF THE "DAILY PLANET"...
WELL, CLARK, ANOTHER EDITION PUT TO BED. WE CAN RELAX NOW.
YES, LOIS... ("—GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT THIS AD IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN!—")
DAILY P
PERSONAL COLUMN—
JOHNSMITH: IF YOU WILL CALL AT OUR OFFICES, YOU WILL LEARN SOMETHING INTERESTING R.M. JONES, ATTY
SUPERMAN: COME AT ONCE TO 1415 VINE AVE. URGENT. A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH. BE CAREFUL—THE VERY WALLS HAVE EARS. ADELBERT DRIBBLE.
ZEKE: IF YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED HOW TO READ SINCE YOU LEFT HOME, GET SOMEBODY TO READ THIS FOR YOU. THE I—
MOMENTS LATER, IN A DESERTED ALLEY NEARBY, CLARK KENT QUICKLY SHEDS HIS OUTER CLOTHING AND REVEALS THE MAN OF STEEL.
THAT AD SOUNDED LIKE A REAL CRY OF DISTRESS. I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?... WELL, IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO FIND OUT.
AND SOON AFTER, AT THE HOME OF ADELBERT DRIBBLE...
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR. DRIBBLE?
SH-H! REMEMBER WHAT THE AD SAID!
WHAT—? THE WALLS DO HAVE EARS! ("—A PECULIAR CHARACTER, TO SAY THE LEAST!—")
PRECISELY!
THAT ADVERTISEMENT YOU PUT IN THE PAPER—?
AH, YES! BUT THIS IS NO PLACE TO TALK ABOUT IT!
BUT DIDN'T YOU MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH?
INDEED, I DID! YOU WILL SEE FOR YOURSELF IN JUST A MOMENT!
2

HMM? WHAT'S ALL THIS?
WE HAVE TO HAVE A PLACE TO TALK, DON'T WE?
INSIDE THE STRANGE ROOM THAT HANGS IN MID-AIR...
THE FLOOR FEELS AS RESILIENT AS RUBBER.
THE ENTIRE ROOM IS MADE OF TREMENDOUSLY THICK RUBBER, A SPECIAL INVENTION OF MINE, WHICH KEEPS OUT SOUND. THIS IS WHERE I LIVE AND WORK--YOU CAN BE ALONE HERE.
YOU MEAN WE CAN BE ALONE HERE!
NO---
---I MEAN YOU!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
I SUSPECT THERE'S LESS HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE, BUT I MAY BE UNDERESTIMATING THE WEIRD LITTLE CHARACTER. PERHAPS MY X-RAY VISION WILL REVEAL WHAT HE IS UP TO...
WHOOSH!
HELIUM
3

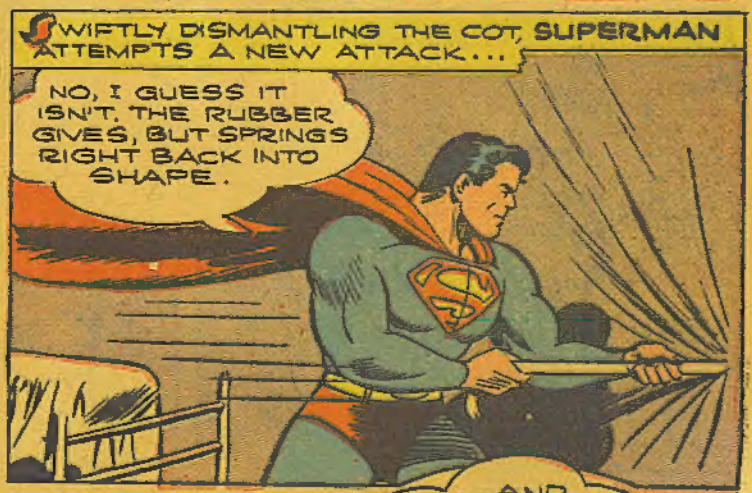

SO THAT'S WHY HE LURED ME HERE... TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY WHILE HE POSES AS SUPERMAN!
THE HUM OF A TINY MOTOR... THE WHIRR OF AN UNDERSIZED BUT POWERFUL PROPELLER... AND THE IMPOSTOR HEADS FOR A DESTINATION UNKNOWN!
WHAM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE HAS IN MIND... BUT HE MUST BE STOPPED! SO---
WHAM!
VERY CLEVER, USING A MATERIAL THAT YIELDS INSTEAD OF RESISTS. BUT ADMIRING THE ACHIEVEMENT ISN'T GOING TO GET ME OUT OF HERE... AND HOW AM I TO DO THAT?


MEANWHILE, FAR FROM THE SCENE OF SUPERMAN'S PREDICAMENT...
A SPLENDID IDEA, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF. NOW WHERE--AH, THERE SHE IS. BUT FIRST I MUST MAKE CERTAIN ARRANGEMENTS...
PUTT.. PUTT..
AND SO, IF YOU WILL MEET ME IN THE PARK AND CARRY OUT THE INSTRUCTIONS I GAVE YOU... I AGREE TO PAY YOU HANDSOMELY.
SOUNDS LIKE A CINCH.!
MOMENTS LATER, IN THE PARK...
MISS BERTHA BIGGE, I PRESUME ?
HEAVENS, SUPERMAN!... WHY, IT'S ADELBERT DRIBBLE! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES.!
GOODNESS, SUCH MUSCLES, ADELBERT--I MEAN SUPERMAN! AND TO THINK I JILTED YOU BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE A WEAKLING!
WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, BERTHA DEAR.
HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? AND WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE REALLY SUPERMAN?
A TRADE SECRET, MY LOVE. ONE DOESN'T GO ABOUT REVEALING THAT ONE IS SUPERMAN. I WOULDN'T HAVE DISCLOSED IT EVEN NOW, HAD I NOT BEEN AFRAID OF LOSING YOU.
SUPERMAN DARLING, DO SOMETHING HEROIC FOR ME, SO I WILL KNOW YOU REALLY LOVE ME!
OF COURSE, MY DEAR. GLADLY.! ("--MY, I'M DELIGHTED I'HAD THE FORESIGHT TO ANTICIPATE THIS!--").
WELL, THIS IS FORTUNATE! MY X-RAY VISION DISCLOSES GUNS IN THE POCKETS OF THE MEN APPROACHING US! THEY MUST BE MISCREANTS!
OKAY, FELLERS! YOU KNOW WHAT HE TOLD US TO DO!
5

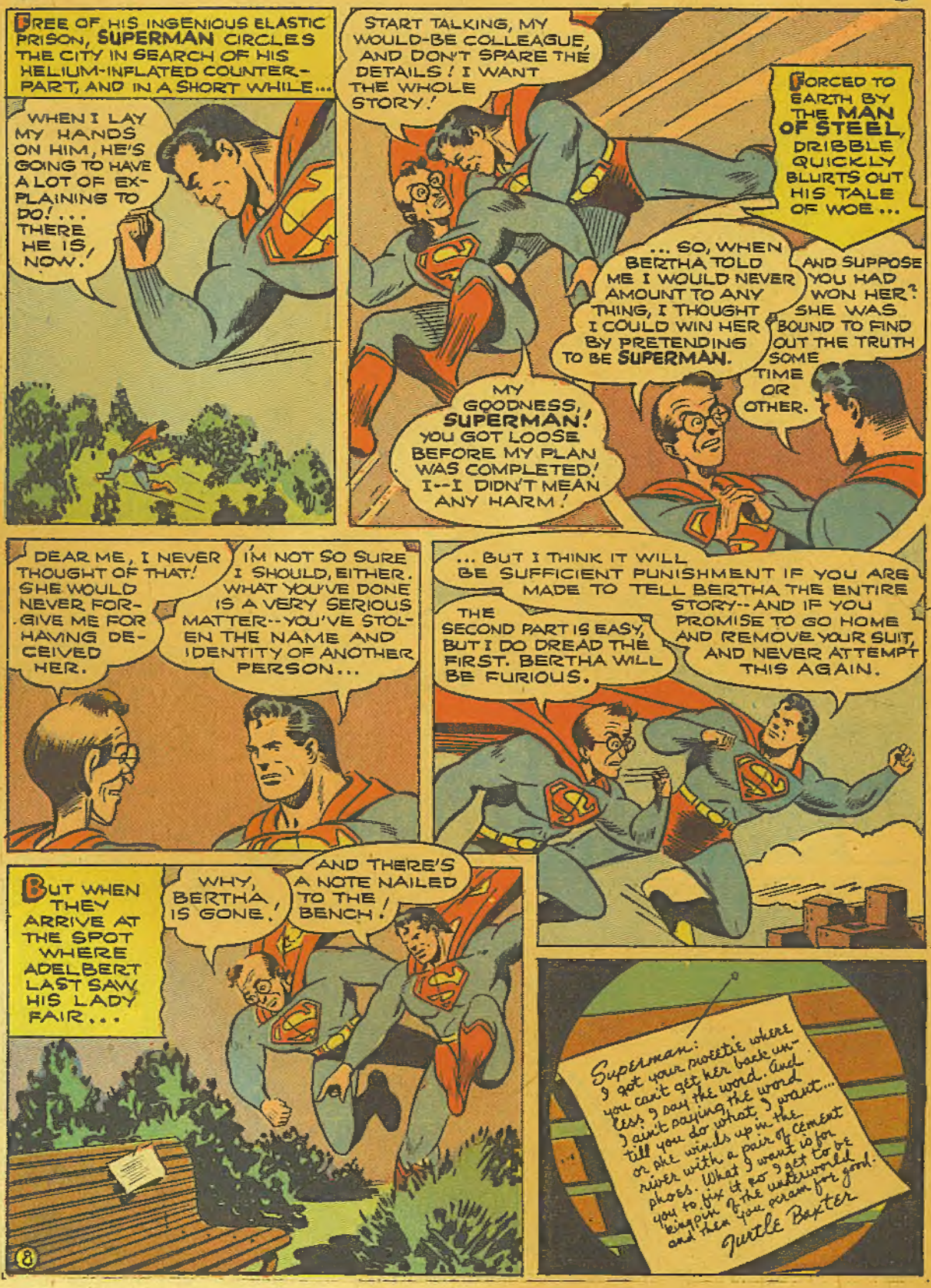
I'VE NEVER ENGAGED IN A PUGILISTIC ENTERPRISE BEFORE. I HOPE IT ISN'T TOO DIFFICULT... AND VIOLENT. VIOLENCE ALWAYS MAKES ME A LITTLE ILL!
PARDON ME, BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST PUMMEL YOU. IT REALLY HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU.
SUPERMAN!
SOCK
SUDDENLY...
WE GIVE UP, SUPERMAN! WE AIN'T COMMITTIN' SUICIDE TODAY!
YOU MUGGS CAN! I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS... BUT HE'S GONNA KNOW WHO WILDCAT WILLIE IS WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH HIM!
NO! NO!
DON'T, WILLIE! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE HIM SORE!
OUTTA MY WAY! I'M GONNA LET HIM HAVE IT!
(— OH, DEAR! I DO HOPE THE GUN IS LOADED WITH BLANKS, AS WE ARRANGED!—)
THERE!
BANG
NEARBY, SOME SINISTER-LOOKING SPECTATORS HAVE WITNESSED THE ENTIRE SCENE WITH HIGH INTEREST!
LOOK, BOYS! NOW WE KNOW WHO SUPERMAN'S GIRL FRIEND IS! IT'S NOT THAT LOIS LANE DAME AT ALL!
WHAT A BREAK FOR US!
AND AS ADELBERT DRIBBLE HERDS HIS "CAPTIVES" AWAY, UNAWARE OF HIS LADY-LOVE'S PERIL...
MAYBE WE CAN'T DO NOTHIN' TO SUPERMAN HIMSELF—BUT THIS IS ONE WAY TO FIX HIS SCOOTER!
YEAH! HE DOES WHAT WE SAY...OR THIS DAME GETS BUMPED!

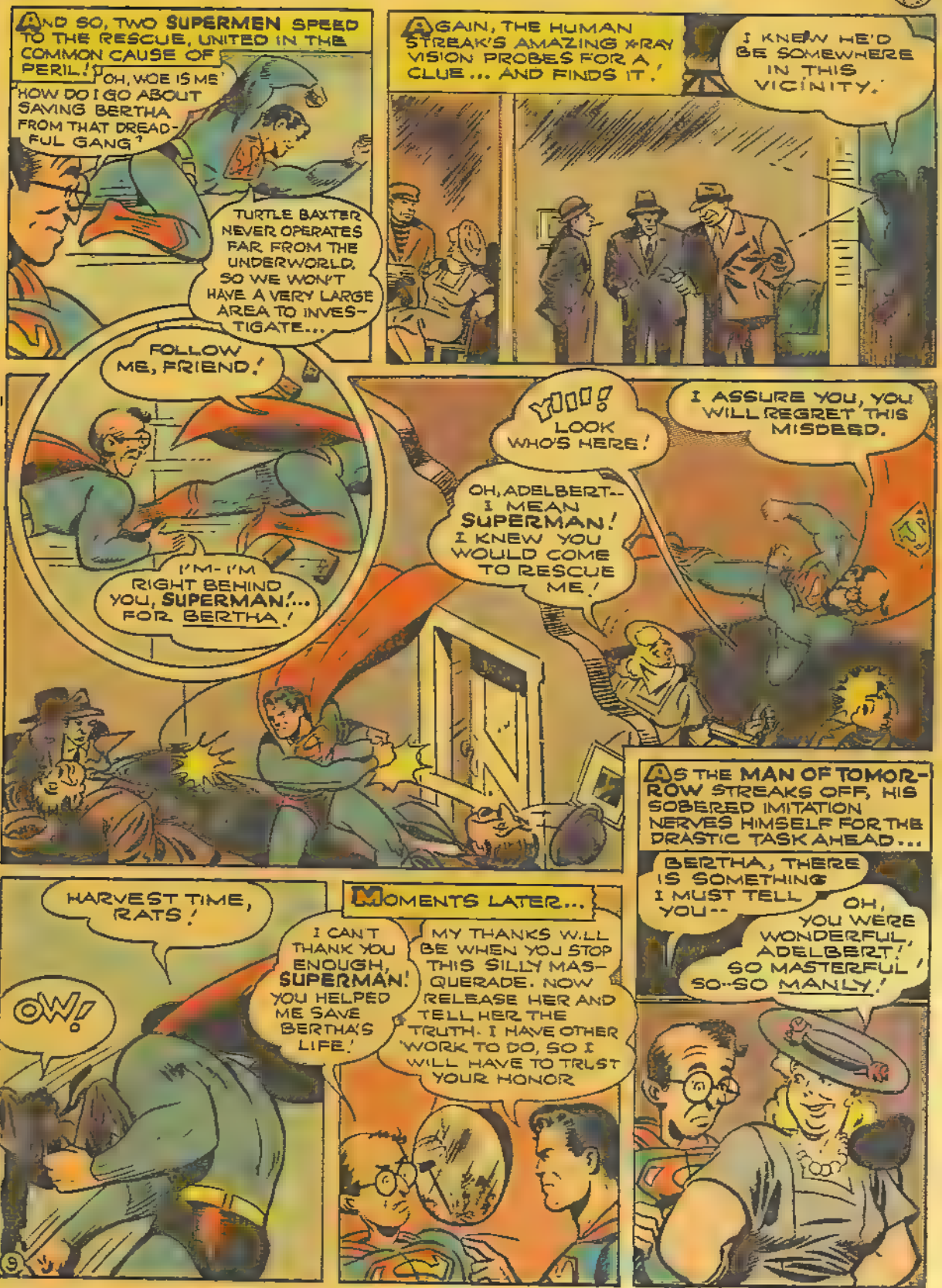

AT THAT MOMENT, THE REAL SUPERMAN IS TESTING AN OLD ADAGE--"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN!"
WHAM!
IF THAT CRAZY CHARACTER, ADELBERT DRIBBLE, THINKS I'M GOING TO STAY IN THIS RUBBER ROOM ALL DAY---
--HE MAY BE RIGHT!

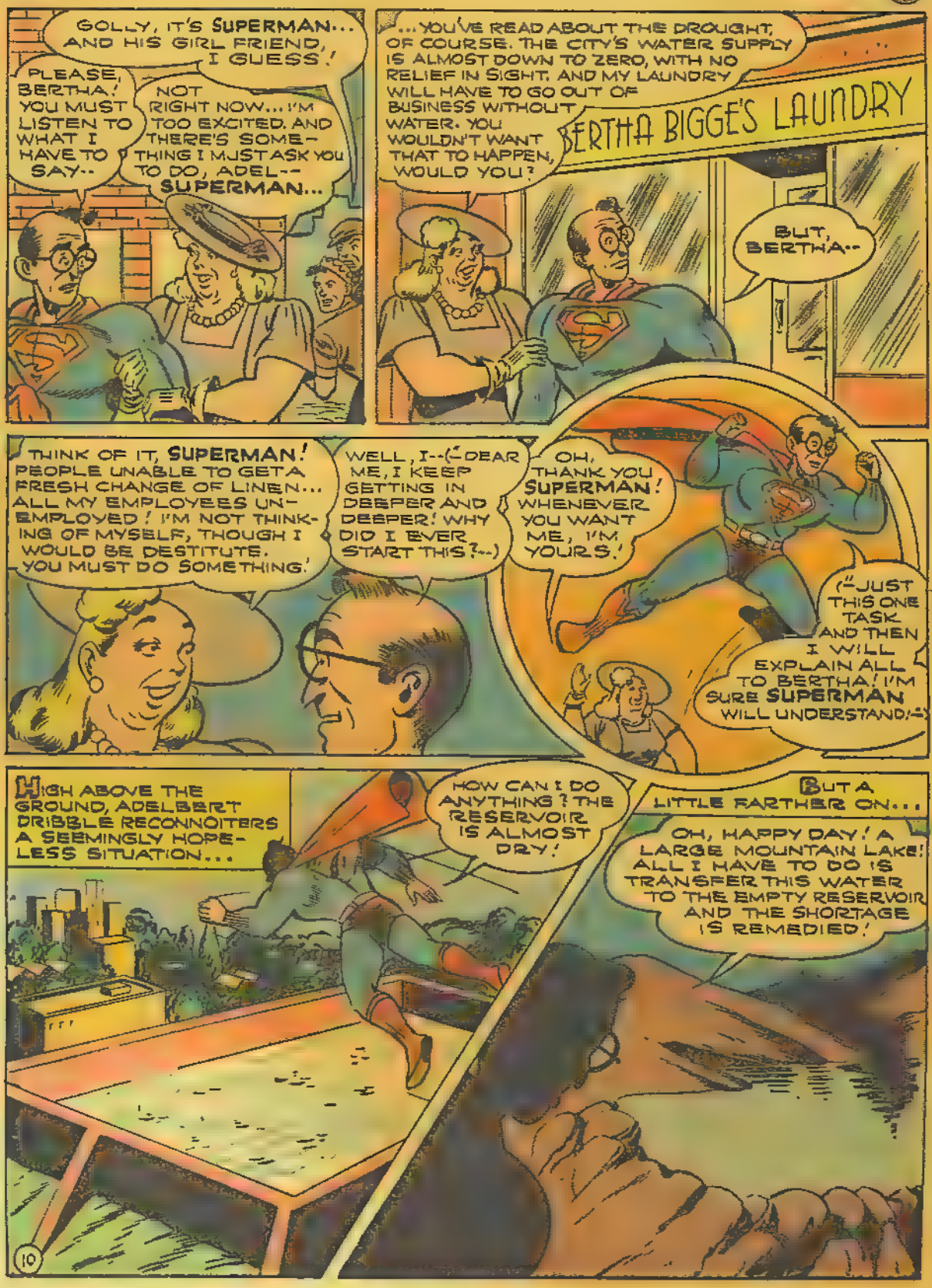
THIS CALLS FOR STRATEGY. AND THAT FURNITURE MIGHT BE THE ANSWER...

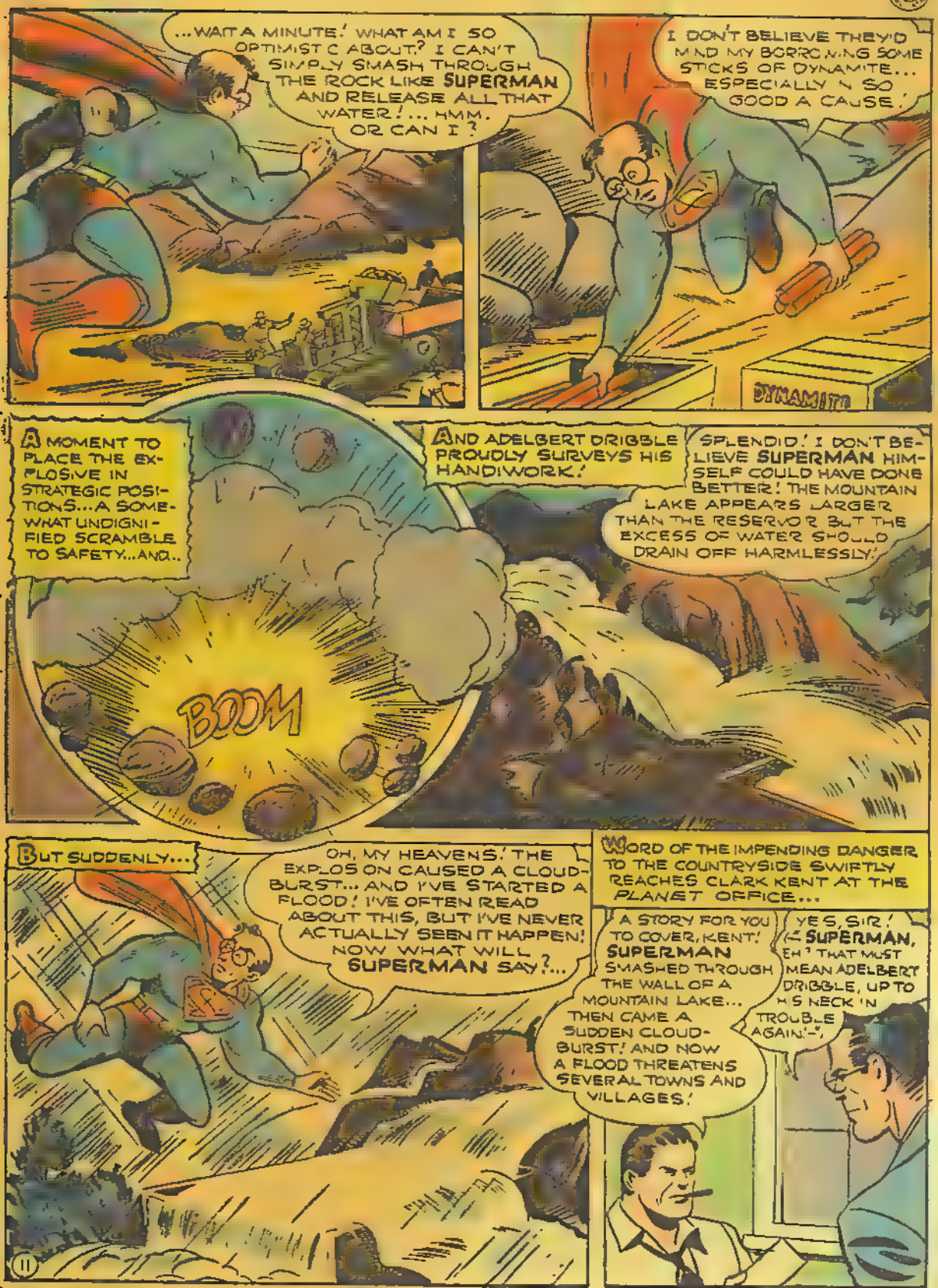

SWIFTLY DISMANTLING THE COT, SUPERMAN ATTEMPTS A NEW ATTACK...
NO, I GUESS IT ISN'T. THE RUBBER GIVES, BUT SPRINGS RIGHT BACK INTO SHAPE.

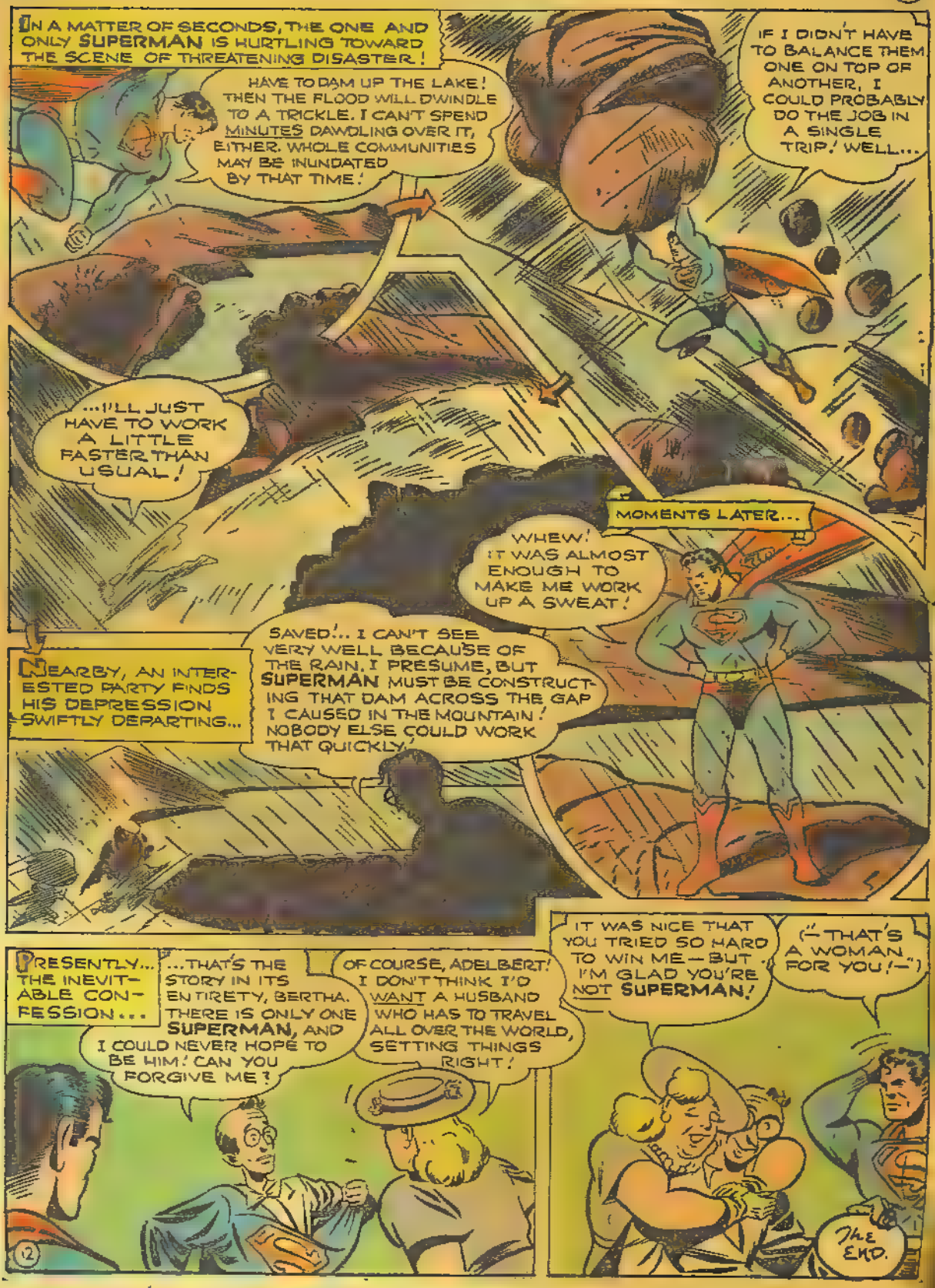
...AND ANOTHER YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S MEDICINE CHEST!... HMM-SULPHUR HAIR CREAM. I THINK THAT'S GOING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM...
SULPHUR HAIRCREAM
VERY SIMPLE! SULPHUR AND HEAT VULCANIZE RUBBER. THE SULPHUR IS IN THE HAIR CREAM...THE HEAT IS GENERATED BY SUPER-SPEED APPLICATION...
...AND VULCANIZATION MAKES RUBBER BRITTLE!


FREE OF HIS INGENIOUS ELASTIC PRISON, SUPERMAN CIRCLES THE CITY IN SEARCH OF HIS HELIUM-INFLATED COUNTERPART, AND IN A SHORT WHILE...
WHEN I LAY MY HANDS ON HIM, HE'S GOING TO HAVE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO!... THERE HE IS, NOW!
START TALKING, MY WOULD-BE COLLEAGUE, AND DON'T SPARE THE DETAILS! I WANT THE WHOLE STORY!
FORCED TO EARTH BY THE MAN OF STEEL, DRIBBLE QUICKLY BLURTS OUT HIS TALE OF WOE...
... SO, WHEN BERTHA TOLD ME I WOULD NEVER AMOUNT TO ANY THING, I THOUGHT I COULD WIN HER BY PRETENDING TO BE SUPERMAN.
AND SUPPOSE YOU HAD WON HER? SHE WAS BOUND TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH SOME TIME OR OTHER.
MY GOODNESS, SUPERMAN! YOU GOT LOOSE BEFORE MY PLAN WAS COMPLETED! I--I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!
DEAR ME, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! SHE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR HAVING DECEIVED HER.
I'M NOT SO SURE I SHOULD, EITHER. WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS A VERY SERIOUS MATTER--YOU'VE STOLEN THE NAME AND IDENTITY OF ANOTHER PERSON...
... BUT I THINK IT WILL BE SUFFICIENT PUNISHMENT IF YOU ARE MADE TO TELL BERTHA THE ENTIRE STORY--AND IF YOU PROMISE TO GO HOME AND REMOVE YOUR SUIT, AND NEVER ATTEMPT THIS AGAIN.
THE SECOND PART IS EASY, BUT I DO DREAD THE FIRST. BERTHA WILL BE FURIOUS.
BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE SPOT WHERE ADELBERT LAST SAW HIS LADY FAIR...
WHY, BERTHA, IS GONE.
AND THERE'S A NOTE NAILED TO THE BENCH!
Superman: I got your sweetie where you can't get her back unless I say the word. And I ain't saying the word till you do what I want... or she winds up in the river with a pair of cement shoes. What I want is for you to fix it so I get to be kingpin & the underworld and then you scram for good.
Turtle Baxter
8


AND SO, TWO SUPERMEN SPEED TO THE RESCUE, UNITED IN THE COMMON CAUSE OF PERIL!
OH, WOE IS ME! HOW DO I GO ABOUT SAVING BERTHA FROM THAT DREADFUL GANG?
TURTLE BAXTER NEVER OPERATES FAR FROM THE UNDERWORLD. SO WE WON'T HAVE A VERY LARGE AREA TO INVESTIGATE...
AGAIN, THE HUMAN STREAK'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION PROBES FOR A CLUE... AND FINDS IT.
I KNEW HE'D BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS VICINITY.
FOLLOW ME, FRIEND!
I'M-I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SUPERMAN!... FOR BERTHA!
YIII! LOOK WHO'S HERE!
OH, ADELBERT--I MEAN SUPERMAN! I KNEW YOU WOULD COME TO RESCUE ME!
I ASSURE YOU, YOU WILL REGRET THIS MISDEED.
AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW STREAKS OFF, HIS SOBERED IMITATION NERVES HIMSELF FOR THE DRASTIC TASK AHEAD...
BERTHA, THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU--
OH, YOU WERE WONDERFUL, ADELBERT! SO MASTERFUL! SO--SO MANLY!
MOMENTS LATER...
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, SUPERMAN! YOU HELPED ME SAVE BERTHA'S LIFE!
MY THANKS WILL BE WHEN YOU STOP THIS SILLY MASQUERADE. NOW RELEASE HER AND TELL HER THE TRUTH. I HAVE OTHER WORK TO DO, SO I WILL HAVE TO TRUST YOUR HONOR
HARVEST TIME, RATS!
OW!
9


GOLLY, IT'S SUPERMAN... AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, I GUESS!
PLEASE, BERTHA! YOU MUST LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY--
NOT RIGHT NOW... I'M TOO EXCITED. AND THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST ASK YOU TO DO, ADEL-- SUPERMAN...
...YOU'VE READ ABOUT THE DROUGHT, OF COURSE. THE CITY'S WATER SUPPLY IS ALMOST DOWN TO ZERO, WITH NO RELIEF IN SIGHT, AND MY LAUNDRY WILL HAVE TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS WITHOUT WATER. YOU WOULDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN, WOULD YOU?
BERTHA BIGGE'S LAUNDRY
BUT, BERTHA--
THINK OF IT, SUPERMAN! PEOPLE UNABLE TO GET A FRESH CHANGE OF LINEN... ALL MY EMPLOYEES UNEMPLOYED! I'M NOT THINKING OF MYSELF, THOUGH I WOULD BE DESTITUTE. YOU MUST DO SOMETHING!
WELL, I--(DEAR ME, I KEEP GETTING IN DEEPER AND DEEPER! WHY DID I EVER START THIS?--)
OH, THANK YOU, SUPERMAN! WHENEVER YOU WANT ME, I'M YOURS!
(--JUST THIS ONE TASK AND THEN I WILL EXPLAIN ALL TO BERTHA! I'M SURE SUPERMAN WILL UNDERSTAND!--)
HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND, ADELBERT DRIBBLE RECONNOITERS A SEEMINGLY HOPELESS SITUATION...
HOW CAN I DO ANYTHING? THE RESERVOIR IS ALMOST DRY!
BUT A LITTLE FARTHER ON...
OH, HAPPY DAY! A LARGE MOUNTAIN LAKE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TRANSFER THIS WATER TO THE EMPTY RESERVOIR AND THE SHORTAGE IS REMEDIED!


...WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT AM I SO OPTIMISTIC ABOUT? I CAN'T SIMPLY SMASH THROUGH THE ROCK LIKE SUPERMAN AND RELEASE ALL THAT WATER!... HMM. OR CAN I?
I DON'T BELIEVE THEY'D MIND MY BORROWING SOME STICKS OF DYNAMITE... ESPECIALLY IN SO GOOD A CAUSE!
DYNAMITE
A MOMENT TO PLACE THE EXPLOSIVE IN STRATEGIC POSITIONS...A SOMEWHAT UNDIGNIFIED SCRAMBLE TO SAFETY...AND..
BOOM
AND ADELBERT DRIBBLE PROUDLY SURVEYS HIS HANDIWORK!
SPLENDID! I DON'T BELIEVE SUPERMAN HIMSELF COULD HAVE DONE BETTER! THE MOUNTAIN LAKE APPEARS LARGER THAN THE RESERVOIR BUT THE EXCESS OF WATER SHOULD DRAIN OFF HARMLESSLY!
BUT SUDDENLY...
OH, MY HEAVENS! THE EXPLOSION CAUSED A CLOUDBURST... AND I'VE STARTED A FLOOD! I'VE OFTEN READ ABOUT THIS, BUT I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN IT HAPPEN! NOW WHAT WILL SUPERMAN SAY?...
WORD OF THE IMPENDING DANGER TO THE COUNTRYSIDE SWIFTLY REACHES CLARK KENT AT THE PLANET OFFICE...
A STORY FOR YOU TO COVER, KENT! SUPERMAN SMASHED THROUGH THE WALL OF A MOUNTAIN LAKE... THEN CAME A SUDDEN CLOUDBURST! AND NOW A FLOOD THREATENS SEVERAL TOWNS AND VILLAGES!
YES, SIR! (-SUPERMAN, EH? THAT MUST MEAN ADELBERT DRIBBLE, UP TO HIS NECK IN TROUBLE AGAIN!-).


IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE ONE AND ONLY SUPERMAN IS HURTLING TOWARD THE SCENE OF THREATENING DISASTER!
HAVE TO DAM UP THE LAKE! THEN THE FLOOD WILL DWINDLE TO A TRICKLE. I CAN'T SPEND MINUTES DAWDLING OVER IT, EITHER. WHOLE COMMUNITIES MAY BE INUNDATED BY THAT TIME!
IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO BALANCE THEM ONE ON TOP OF ANOTHER, I COULD PROBABLY DO THE JOB IN A SINGLE TRIP! WELL...
...I'LL JUST HAVE TO WORK A LITTLE FASTER THAN USUAL!
MOMENTS LATER...
WHEW! IT WAS ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE ME WORK UP A SWEAT!
NEARBY, AN INTERESTED PARTY FINDS HIS DEPRESSION SWIFTLY DEPARTING...
SAVED!.. I CAN'T SEE VERY WELL BECAUSE OF THE RAIN, I PRESUME, BUT SUPERMAN MUST BE CONSTRUCTING THAT DAM ACROSS THE GAP I CAUSED IN THE MOUNTAIN! NOBODY ELSE COULD WORK THAT QUICKLY!
PRESENTLY... THE INEVITABLE CONFESSION...
...THAT'S THE STORY IN ITS ENTIRETY, BERTHA. THERE IS ONLY ONE SUPERMAN, AND I COULD NEVER HOPE TO BE HIM! CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?
OF COURSE, ADELBERT! I DON'T THINK I'D WANT A HUSBAND WHO HAS TO TRAVEL ALL OVER THE WORLD, SETTING THINGS RIGHT!
IT WAS NICE THAT YOU TRIED SO HARD TO WIN ME—BUT I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT SUPERMAN!
("—THAT'S A WOMAN FOR YOU!—")
THE END
12

"Order 'The Flash' another carton of Wheaties."

THE "OLD ZIPPER" THAT MARKS A STAND-OUT BALL PLAYER MAY BE NOTHING MORE THAN PEAK PHYSICAL FITNESS, AND THE EXTRA "ZING" THAT GOES WITH IT. TIP-TOP CONDITION INVOLVES EATING RIGHT...STARTING WITH BREAKFAST. AND MANY OF THE BIG LEAGUE'S FLASHIEST STARS HAVE BUILT THEIR FIRST IMPORTANT MEAL AROUND A HEAPING BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

GOOD NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES... ALL THE WIDELY-KNOWN FOOD VALUES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. GOOD FLAVOR IN WHEATIES... A WINNING "SECOND-HELPING" FLAVOR THAT'S NUT-SWEET AND TANGY. GOOD FUN IN WHEATIES, ...CRACK EATING PLEASURE THAT HELPS YOU START THE DAY WITH PLENTY OF "GO-GET-'EM" SPIRIT.

YES, SIR! IT'S HARD TO BEAT A BREAKFAST THAT LEADS OFF WITH MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT...STREAMLINE TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 696, MINNEAPOLIS, 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH FRUIT AND MILK

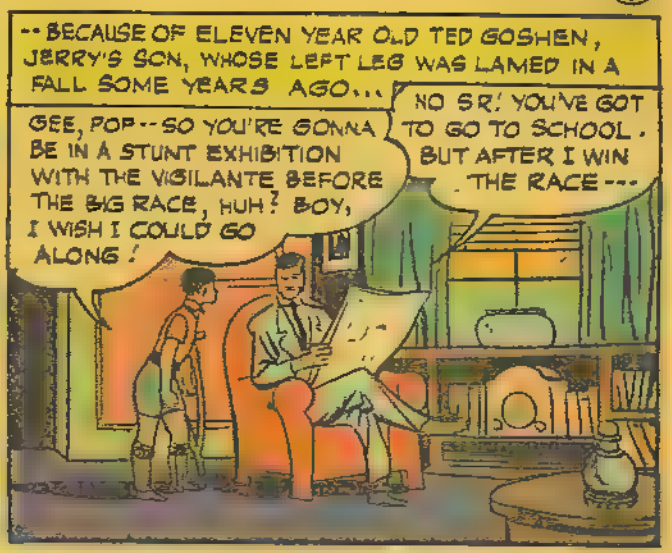
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

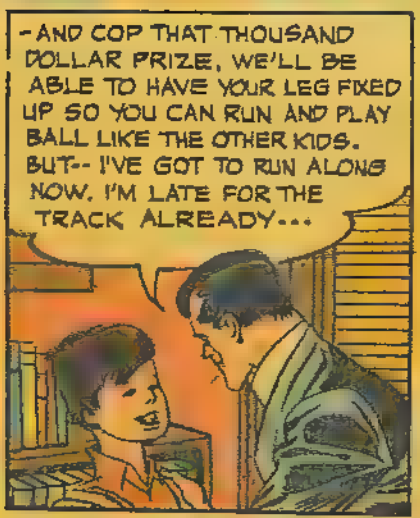
VIGILANTE

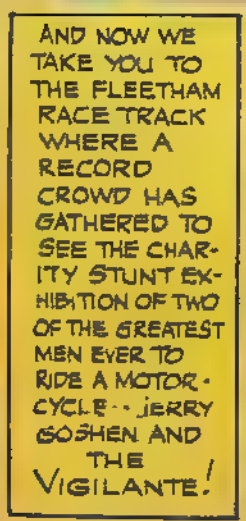
IN THIS STIRRING SAGA OF A HAZARDOUS PROFESSION, SHATTERED NERVES WORK DEVIOUS EFFECTS UPON THE PRINCIPAL ACTOR IN OUR STORY SO THAT HIS DARE-DEVIL SKILLS ARE PUT TO EVIL USE BY CRIMINAL MINDS! AND IT IS NOT UNTIL THE BATTLING VIGILANTE ASSUMES THE ROLE OF PSYCHOLOGIST THAT JUSTICE IS DONE AND A MIND MADE NORMAL, WHILE ROUND AND ROUND GO THE...

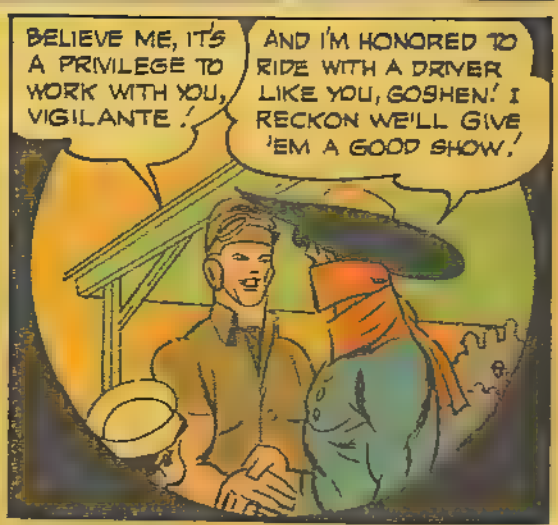
"WHEELS of JEOPARDY!"

LET US MEET A MAN WHOSE WHOLE LIFE IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, IS DEDICATED TO DANGER--JERRY GOSHEN, MOTORCYCLE RACER AND DAREDEVIL STUNT MAN . . .
WE CALL THEM "MURDERCYCLES" BECAUSE VERY FEW OF US CAN STAND THE TERRIFIC PUNISHMENT FOR LONG. BUT I'VE GOT TO STICK IN THE RACKET BECAUSE OF--
13


--BECAUSE OF ELEVEN YEAR OLD TED GOSHEN, JERRY'S SON, WHOSE LEFT LEG WAS LAMED IN A FALL SOME YEARS AGO...
GEE, POP--SO YOU'RE GONNA BE IN A STUNT EXHIBITION WITH THE VIGILANTE BEFORE THE BIG RACE, HUH? BOY, I WISH I COULD GO ALONG!
NO SIR! YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO SCHOOL. BUT AFTER I WIN THE RACE---

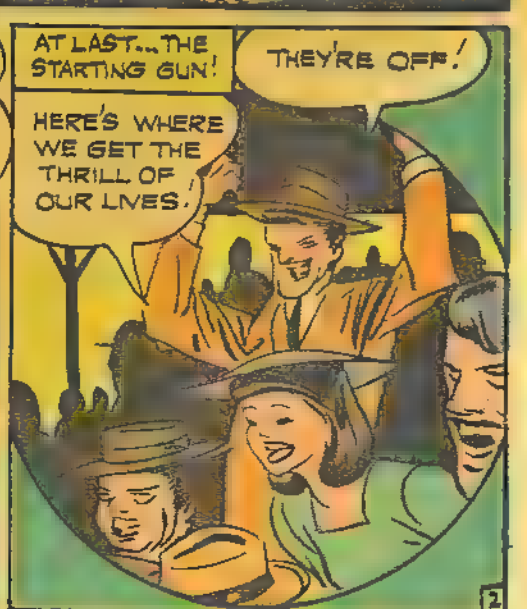

--AND COP THAT THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO HAVE YOUR LEG FIXED UP SO YOU CAN RUN AND PLAY BALL LIKE THE OTHER KIDS. BUT-- I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG NOW. I'M LATE FOR THE TRACK ALREADY...


AND NOW WE TAKE YOU TO THE FLEETHAM RACE TRACK WHERE A RECORD CROWD HAS GATHERED TO SEE THE CHARITY STUNT EXHIBITION OF TWO OF THE GREATEST MEN EVER TO RIDE A MOTORCYCLE--JERRY GOSHEN AND THE VIGILANTE!

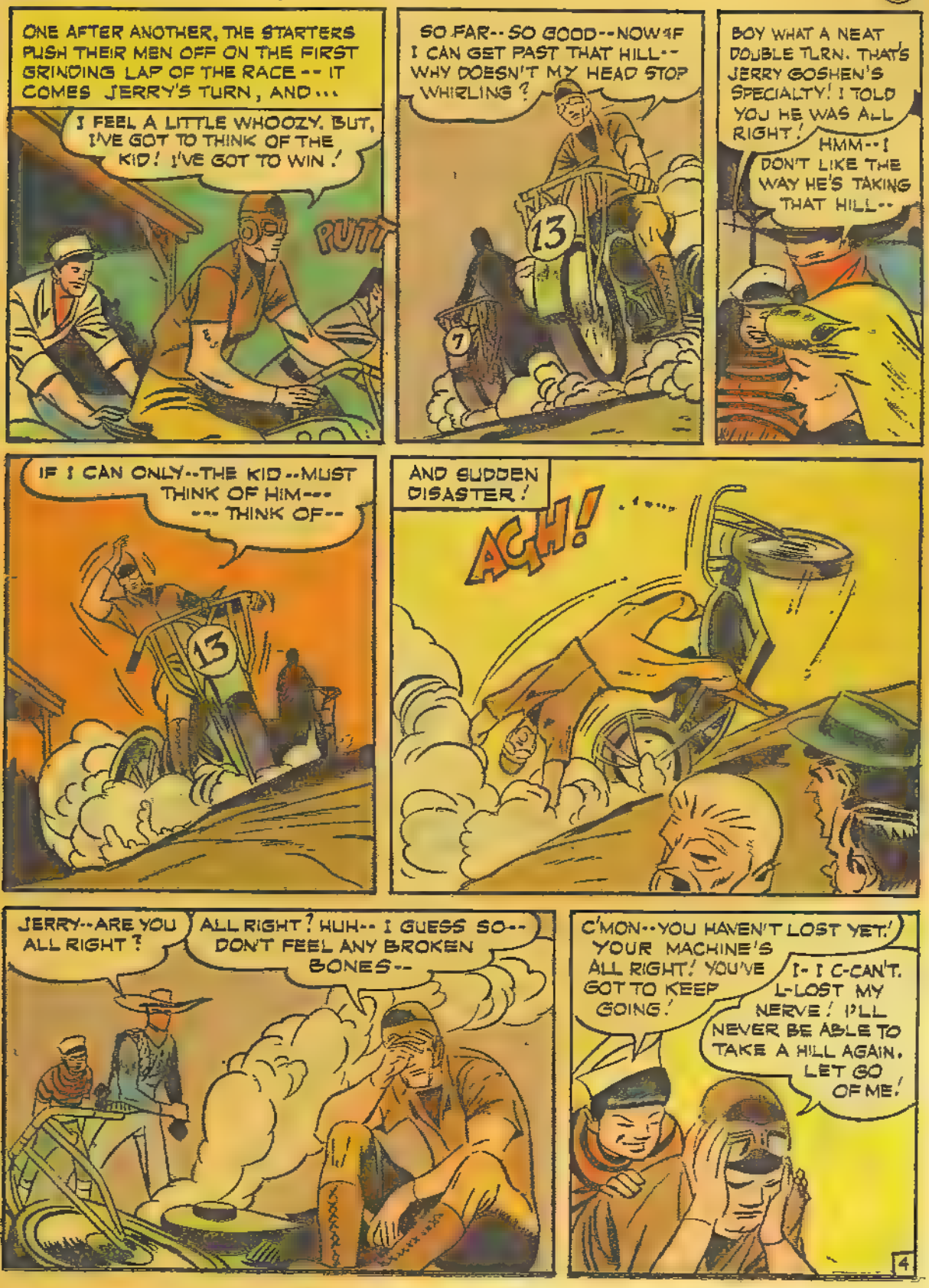

BELIEVE ME, IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO WORK WITH YOU, VIGILANTE!
AND I'M HONORED TO RIDE WITH A DRIVER LIKE YOU, GOSHEN! I RECKON WE'LL GIVE 'EM A GOOD SHOW!

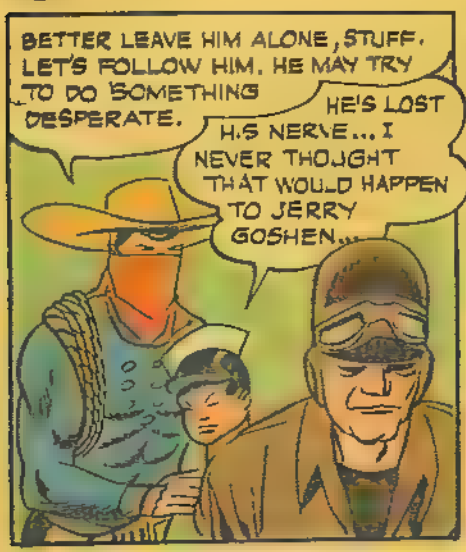
I'M A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT GOSHEN, STUFF. HE'S GOT A TOUGH SCHEDULE THIS AFTERNOON, ON TOP OF THIS EXHIBITION FOR CHARITY---
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A DRIVER LIKE HIM...

WELL, I HOPE NOT. BUT HE'S BEEN COUNTING ON WINNING THE BIG RACE. IT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO HIM BECAUSE OF THAT KID OF HIS ...

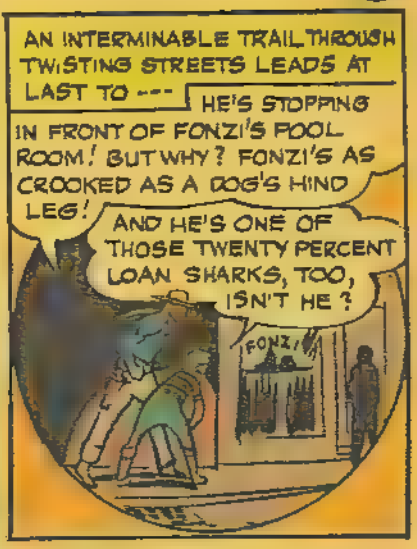

AT LAST...THE STARTING GUN!
THEY'RE OFF!
HERE'S WHERE WE GET THE THRILL OF OUR LIVES!
12

A HIGH POWERED ROAR AS THE MACHINES RACE DOWN THE TRACK---
CRASH!
--AND SPLINTERS FLY AS THE DARE-DEVIL DUO CRASH THROUGH THE WALL OF BARRELS UNSCATHED!
NEXT--THE JUMP! UP-UP THE STEEP INCLINE, AND---
WOW!
JERRY'S IN FINE FORM TODAY! HOPE HE DOESN'T KNOCK HIMSELF OUT!
AND FINALLY, THE MOST DIFFICULT, THE MOST SENSATIONAL FEAT OF ALL--THE CATAPULT! THE TWO MACHINES RACE DOWN THE TRACK AT BREAKNECK SPEED---
THIS ONE'S TOUGH EVEN FOR ME! ONE MISCALCULATION AND IT'S CURTAINS---
SUDDENLY--THE BRAKES ARE JAMMED ON AND THE TWO RIDERS GO SHOOTING INTO THE AIR--TO LAND BEAUTIFULLY ON THEIR FEET AS THE CROWD CHEERS!
BRAVO!
RAY
WHEW!
THE SENSATIONAL SHOW IS ENDED, BUT NOW--THE $1,000 OBSTACLE RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. HAS JERRY GOSHEN THE STAMINA TO STICK IT OUT AFTER HIS GRUELLING RUN? IN HIS BOX, A WORRIED VIGILANTE TALKS IT OVER WITH STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID.
THAT'S JERRY--NUMBER THIRTEEN! HE LOOKS TIRED!
I TELL YOU, VIG, GOSHEN CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!

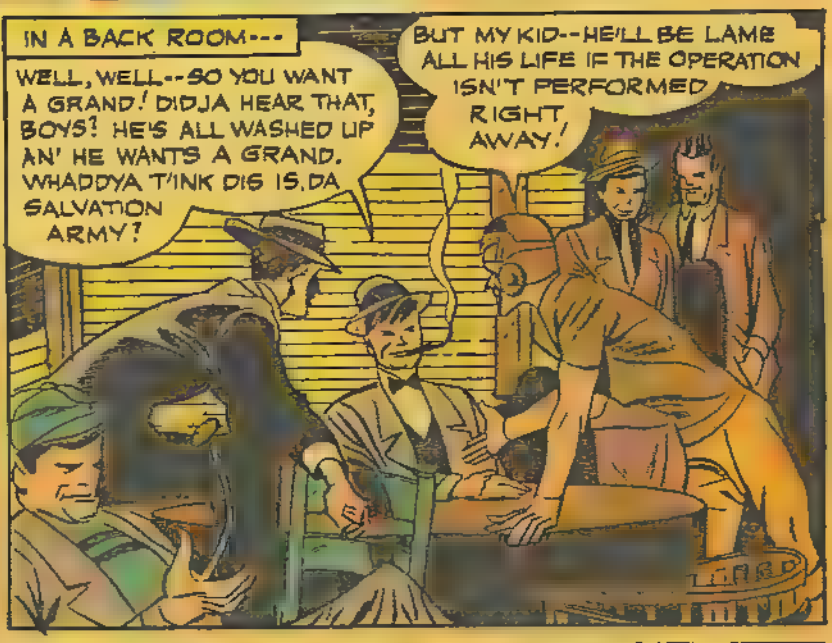

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE STARTERS PUSH THEIR MEN OFF ON THE FIRST GRINDING LAP OF THE RACE -- IT COMES JERRY'S TURN, AND...
I FEEL A LITTLE WHOOZY. BUT, I'VE GOT TO THINK OF THE KID! I'VE GOT TO WIN!
PUTT
SO FAR -- SO GOOD -- NOW IF I CAN GET PAST THAT HILL -- WHY DOESN'T MY HEAD STOP WHIRLING?
13
7
BOY WHAT A NEAT DOUBLE TURN. THAT'S JERRY GOSHEN'S SPECIALTY! I TOLD YOU HE WAS ALL RIGHT!
HMM -- I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S TAKING THAT HILL --
IF I CAN ONLY -- THE KID -- MUST THINK OF HIM --- --- THINK OF --
13
AND SUDDEN DISASTER!
AGH!
JERRY -- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT? HUH -- I GUESS SO -- DON'T FEEL ANY BROKEN BONES --
C'MON -- YOU HAVEN'T LOST YET! YOUR MACHINE'S ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!
I- I C-CAN'T. L-LOST MY NERVE! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE A HILL AGAIN. LET GO OF ME!
4

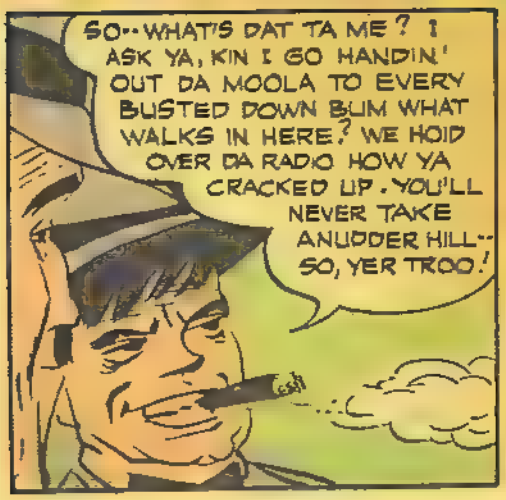

BETTER LEAVE HIM ALONE, STUFF. LET'S FOLLOW HIM. HE MAY TRY TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE.
HE'S LOST H.S NERVE... I NEVER THOUGHT THAT WOULD HAPPEN TO JERRY GOSHEN...

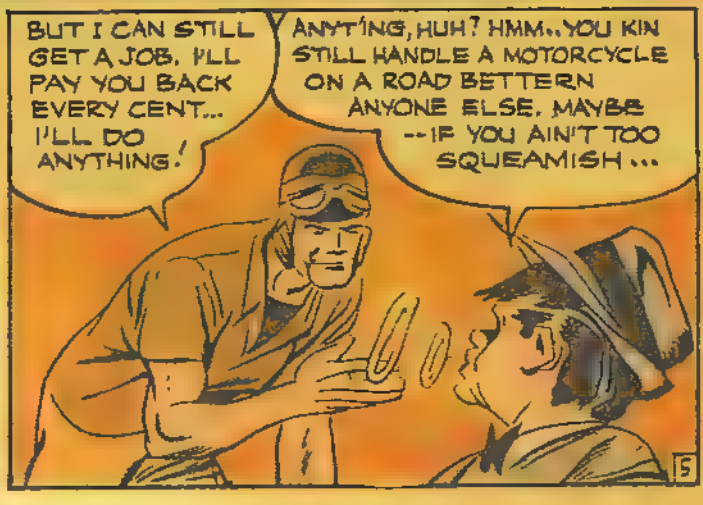
THERE HE GOES. WONDER WHERE HE'S HEADING? POOR GUY--IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT EXHIBITION ... AND NOW, HE'S THROUGH ... UNLESS A MIRACLE HAPPENS HE CAN NEVER RIDE A HILL AGAIN WITHOUT CRACKING UP! IT'S ALWAYS THAT WAY...


AN INTERMINABLE TRAIL THROUGH TWISTING STREETS LEADS AT LAST TO ---
HE'S STOPPING IN FRONT OF FONZI'S POOL ROOM! BUT WHY? FONZI'S AS CROOKED AS A DOG'S HIND LEG!
AND HE'S ONE OF THOSE TWENTY PERCENT LOAN SHARKS, TOO, ISN'T HE?
FONZI

FONZI'S! NOW WHAT MADE ME COME THIS WAY? THE KID--- IT MUST HAVE BEEN ON MY MIND ALL THE TIME AND I DIDN'T REALIZE IT. CAN'T LET HIM DOWN EITHER! NEVER BROKE A PROMISE TO HIM YET! MAYBE I CAN TALK FONZI INTO LENDING ME THAT GRAND!

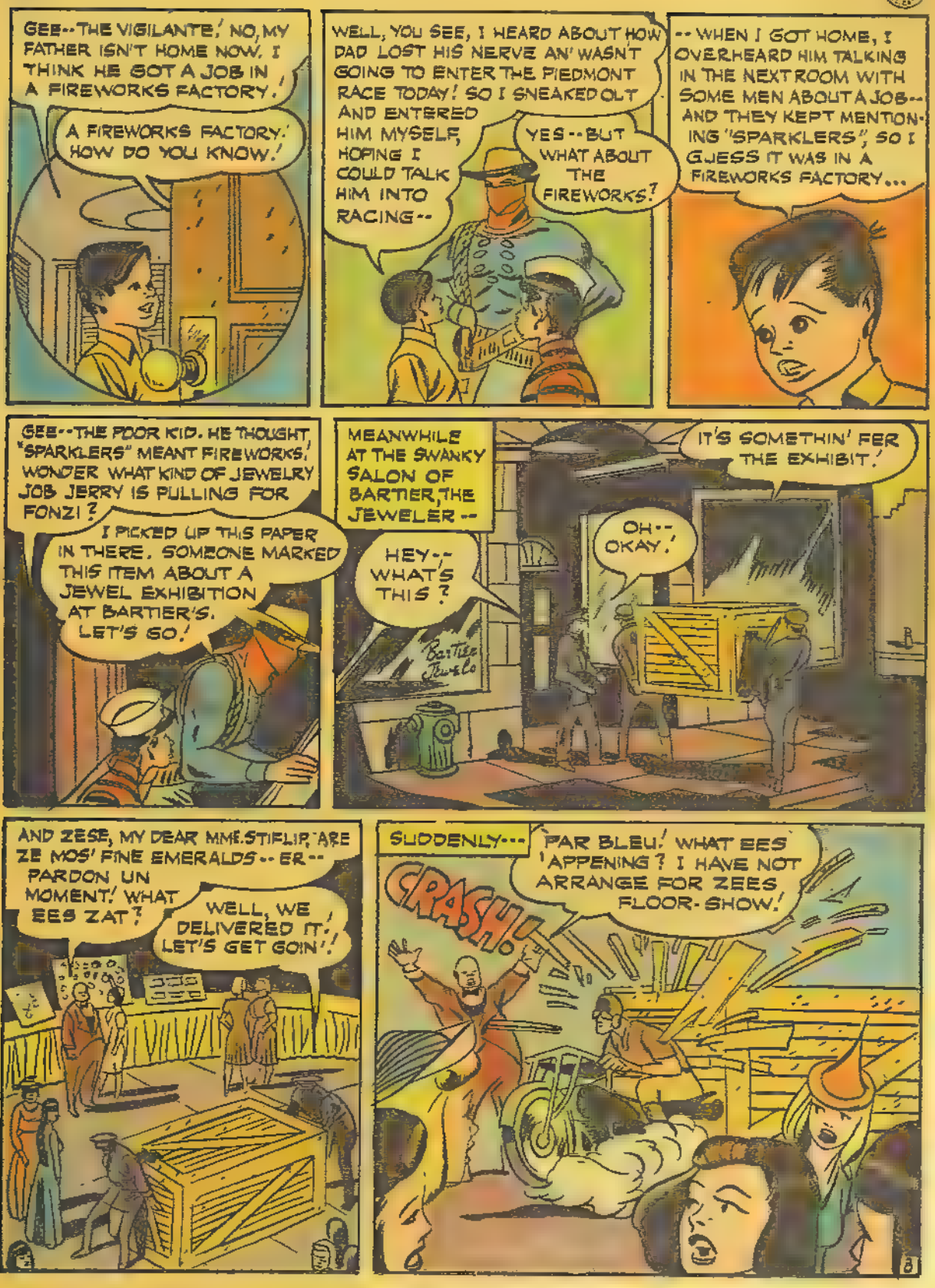

IN A BACK ROOM---
WELL, WELL--SO YOU WANT A GRAND! DIDJA HEAR THAT, BOYS? HE'S ALL WASHED UP AN' HE WANTS A GRAND. WHADDYA T'INK DIS IS, DA SALVATION ARMY?
BUT MY KID--HE'LL BE LAME ALL HIS LIFE IF THE OPERATION ISN'T PERFORMED RIGHT AWAY!


SO--WHAT'S DAT TA ME? I ASK YA, KIN I GO HANDIN' OUT DA MOOLA TO EVERY BUSTED DOWN BUM WHAT WALKS IN HERE? WE HOID OVER DA RADIO HOW YA CRACKED UP. YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ANUDDER HILL-- SO, YER TROO!


BUT I CAN STILL GET A JOB. I'LL PAY YOU BACK EVERY CENT... I'LL DO ANYTHING!
ANYTHING, HUH? HMM.. YOU KIN STILL HANDLE A MOTORCYCLE ON A ROAD BETTERN ANYONE ELSE. MAYBE --IF YOU AIN'T TOO SQUEAMISH ...

OH--YOU DON' WANNA DO NOTHIN' DISHONEST, HUH? WELL, DAT KID O' YOURS KIN WALK ON HIS HANDS FER ALL I CARE!
NO--NO, WAIT! I--I'LL DO IT!
HE'S BEEN IN THERE A LONG TIME AND I DON'T LIKE IT. IN HIS PRESENT STATE OF MIND, HE'S LIABLE TO GET IN-VOLVED IN ANYTHING. C'MON--LET'S GO GET HIM!
WELL--HERE COMES TROUBLE!
VIGILANTE--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'VE COME TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS NEST OF CROOKS BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET!
DA NOIVE--BUSTIN' IN HERE LIKE DAT!
I'M SORRY, VIGILANTE--BUT I'M NOT LEAVING! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
BUT, JERRY--
BOYS--WOULD YOUSE MIND SHOWIN' DA VIGILANTE OUT?
C'MON, COWBOY, YER COWS IS CALLIN' YA TO COME HOME!
I HATE TO IMPOSE UPON YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT I'M NOT IN A HURRY!
UH!
BLAM
MAYBE DIS'LL SOFTEN HIM UP!
WHY--YOU WALL-EYED MAVERICK--SHOOT A GUY IN THE BACK, WILLYA!

JUS' LEMME GET ME PAWS ON DAT GAT, JUS' LEMME-- HEY!
I'M SORRY, FONZI--BUT NO GUNPLAY!
A FINE TING--I'M SUPPOSED TO LET DESE BOIDS BOUNCE ME AROUND WIT' NO RETALIATION!
I MEANT WHAT I SAID, VIGILANTE. I'M NOT LEAVING!
WELL, IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, I RECKON IT'S YOUR OWN FUNERAL. LET'S GO, STUFF! SEEMS LIKE JERRY GOSHEN IS LEARNING A NEW RACKET!
A NEW RACKET INDEED--FOR THAT VERY NIGHT A FAMILIAR GOGGLED FIGURE ON A RACING MOTORCYCLE ROARS TOWARD TWO ARMED GUARDS ON DUTY AT THE STANDARD WAREHOUSE--
HOLY SMOKE--LOOKIT THAT GUY GO! HE'S OFF HIS NUT!
HEY! WATCH OUT--HE'S COMIN' STRAIGHT AT US!
--AND CRASHES SPECTACULARLY THROUGH THE WOODEN DOOR--
HE'S LOONEY!
HE'LL BE KILLED.
CRASH!
NOT AS LOONEY AS YOU THINK, GENTLEMEN--FOR SECONDS LATER...
WHA--THERE HE GOES AGAIN--
AN' HE'S GRABBED A CARTON OF THOSE NEW WATCHES!--POLICE!
AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT GREG SANDERS' APARTMENT...
HEY, GREG--YOU SEEN THE MORNING PAPERS? D'YA SUPPOSE--?
I SAW--BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYTHING--YET. STILL IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR VIGILANTE TO PAY JERRY GOSHEN A VISIT---
7


GEE--THE VIGILANTE! NO, MY FATHER ISN'T HOME NOW. I THINK HE GOT A JOB IN A FIREWORKS FACTORY.
A FIREWORKS FACTORY! HOW DO YOU KNOW!
WELL, YOU SEE, I HEARD ABOUT HOW DAD LOST HIS NERVE AN' WASN'T GOING TO ENTER THE PIEDMONT RACE TODAY! SO I SNEAKED OUT AND ENTERED HIM MYSELF, HOPING I COULD TALK HIM INTO RACING--
YES--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FIREWORKS?
--WHEN I GOT HOME, I OVERHEARD HIM TALKING IN THE NEXT ROOM WITH SOME MEN ABOUT A JOB--AND THEY KEPT MENTIONING "SPARKLERS"; SO I GUESS IT WAS IN A FIREWORKS FACTORY...
GEE--THE POOR KID. HE THOUGHT "SPARKLERS" MEANT FIREWORKS. WONDER WHAT KIND OF JEWELRY JOB JERRY IS PULLING FOR FONZI?
I PICKED UP THIS PAPER IN THERE. SOMEONE MARKED THIS ITEM ABOUT A JEWEL EXHIBITION AT BARTIER'S. LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE AT THE SWANKY SALON OF BARTIER, THE JEWELER--
HEY--WHAT'S THIS?
OH--OKAY.
IT'S SOMETHIN' FER THE EXHIBIT.
AND ZESE, MY DEAR MME. STIFLIP, ARE ZE MOS' FINE EMERALDS--ER--PARDON UN MOMENT! WHAT EES ZAT?
WELL, WE DELIVERED IT. LET'S GET GOIN'!
SUDDENLY---
CRASH!
PAR BLEU! WHAT EES 'APPENING? I HAVE NOT ARRANGE FOR ZEES FLOOR-SHOW!

AS THE MOTORCYCLE RACES TOWARD THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW OF THE SALON, THE DRIVER SWOOPS OVER AND SNATCHES A HANDFUL OF PRICELESS GEMS---

ASSASSIN! VOLEUR! STOP HEEM!

RATTLIN' COON-SKINS -- TAKE A LOOK THERE!

SEEMS AS IF WE'RE JUST IN TIME!

CRASH!

A GRIM CHASE THROUGH THE CROWDED CANYONS OF THE CITY--

THE VIGILANTE-- I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HIM OFF! I'VE GOT TO! AFTER THAT, I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS SO LONG AS THE KID GETS HIS OPERATION!

HEY, VIG-- YER HOLDIN' THIS BUCKIN' BRONCO BACK-- WHAT'S THE IDEA?

I'M NOT ANXIOUS TO CATCH HIM-- YET. DON'T YOU NOTICE WHERE SOME PECULIAR INSTINCT IS LEADING HIM! AND I WAS JUST NOTICING THE TIME-- IT'S A CRAZY IDEA, BUT--

SORRY-- BUT I DON'T, SAVVY.

THE TRACK! NOW WHAT EVER MADE ME COME THIS WAY? BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP NOW. AND--WHY, THE RACE MUST BE JUST STARTING! MAYBE IF I MIX WITH THE OTHER DRIVERS, I CAN THROW THE VIGILANTE OFF!

HEY, VIG-- HE'S GOIN' IN.

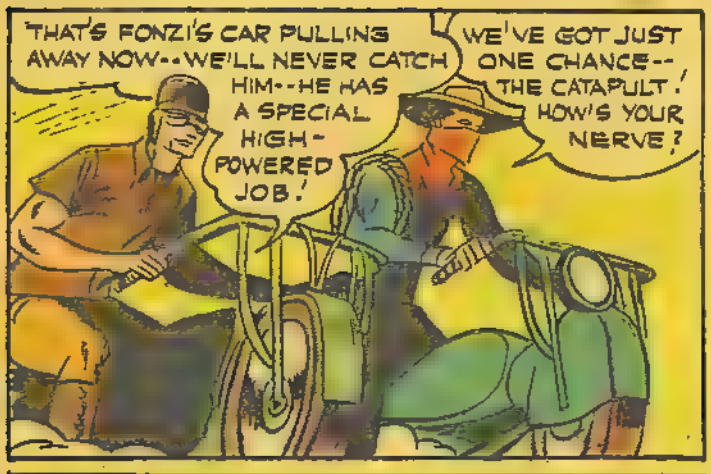
PIEDMONT TRACK MOTORCYCLE ENTRANCE

STRANGE INDEED ARE A MAN'S HABITS AND STRANGER STILL HOW GREAT EMOTIONAL STRESSES WILL BRING THEM OUT. YES, JERRY GOSHEN HAS ENTERED THE TRACK JUST AS THE RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

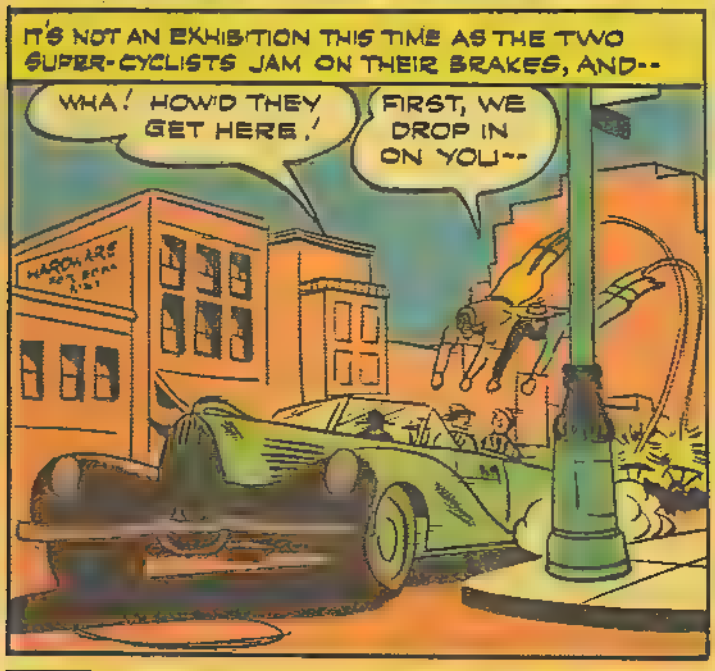
SUDDENLY-- A SHOUT FROM THE GRANDSTAND --

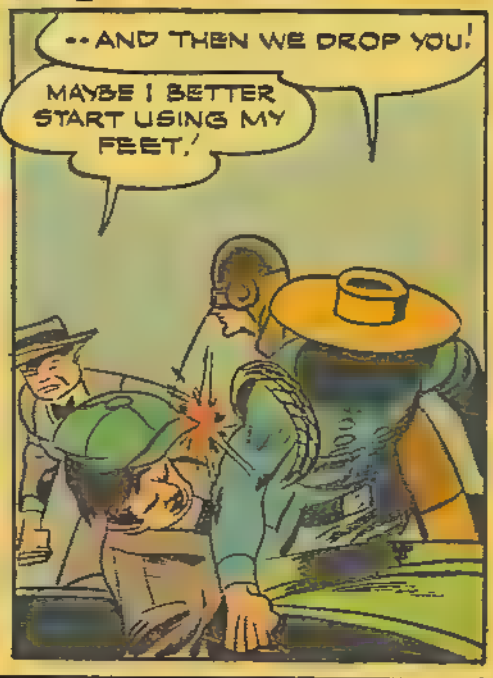
WHY--! THAT'S JERRY GOSHEN! AND JUST IN TIME TOO.-- NOW WE'LL SEE A *REAL* RACE!

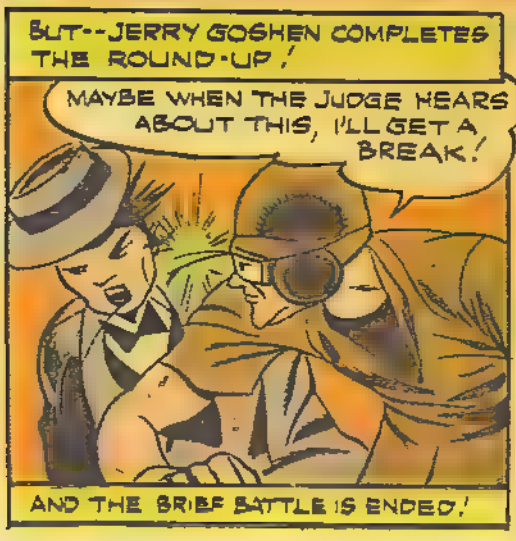
CLOSE BEHIND COMES THE REASON FOR JERRY GOSHEN'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE...
I GUESS THE JUDGES ARE KIND OF PUZZLED SEEING US HERE, BUT THEY CAN'T STOP THE RACE NOW! THE IDEA IS TO KEEP SO CLOSE TO JERRY'S TAIL THAT HE WON'T HAVE TIME TO REMEMBER HE LOST HIS NERVE!
YOU--YOU MEAN, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE HIM WIN?
THE QUEEREST RACE EVER RUN -- JERRY GOSHEN HAS THOUGHTS ONLY OF ESCAPE AS HE EASILY MAKES THE DANGEROUS HILL WHICH HE NEVER DREAMED HE'D BE ABLE TO TRY AGAIN---
HE'S STILL COMING BEHIND ME! CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF! BUT I'VE GOT TO--
ONLY ANOTHER HUNDRED YARDS, AND IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BABY IS GOING TO WIN!
YEAH--BUT WHAT THEN?
AND AS THE FUGITIVE CROSSES THE FINISH LINE TO THE WILD CHEERS OF THE CROWD, THE VIGILANTE, WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED, CUTS ACROSS HIS PATH AND BRINGS HIM TO AN ABRUPT STOP!
GUESS IT'S NO USE, VIGILANTE--YOU'VE GOT ME!
RECKON I HAVE--BUT MAN, DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'VE WON A RACE!
THE WINNAH--JERRY GOSHEN!
--AND IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS $1,000 IN PRIZE MONEY!
B-BUT I WASN'T EVEN-- ENTERED--! AND GREAT GUNS! THAT HILL--I MADE IT WITHOUT EVEN THINKING!
TAKE IT, JERRY, YOUR SON EN-TERED YOU!
I'VE GOT MY NERVE BACK! I'VE WON THE MONEY FOR THE KID. AND NOW--I GUESS IT'S JAIL!
JUDGES HAVE HEARTS, JERRY. HELP ME RETURN ALL THE LOOT, HELP CAPTURE THE BRAINS BEHIND THESE ROBBERIES AND...
MEANWHILE, AT FONZI'S POOL ROOM...
GOSHEN SHOULDA BEEN BACK LONG AGO--
LOOK--HE'S COMIN' NOW--- AN' VIGILANTE'S WITH HIM!
FONZI'S POOL PAR

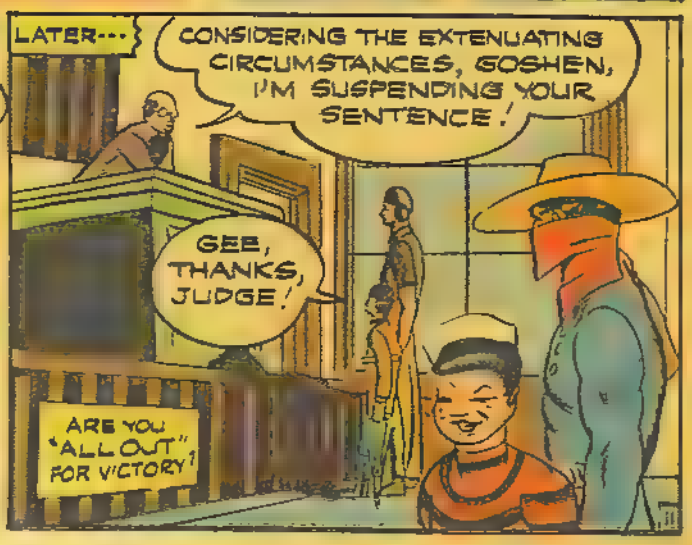

THAT'S FONZI'S CAR PULLING AWAY NOW--WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM--HE HAS A SPECIAL HIGH-POWERED JOB!
WE'VE GOT JUST ONE CHANCE--THE CATAPULT! HOW'S YOUR NERVE?

I'VE GOT PLENTY OF THAT, THANKS TO YOU! THE CATAPULT IT IS-BEFORE THEY GET TOO FAR AHEAD!


IT'S NOT AN EXHIBITION THIS TIME AS THE TWO SUPER-CYCLISTS JAM ON THEIR BRAKES, AND--
WHA! HOW'D THEY GET HERE!
FIRST, WE DROP IN ON YOU--
HARDWARE


--AND THEN WE DROP YOU!
MAYBE I BETTER START USING MY FEET!


BUT--JERRY GOSHEN COMPLETES THE ROUND-UP!
MAYBE WHEN THE JUDGE HEARS ABOUT THIS, I'LL GET A BREAK!
AND THE BRIEF BATTLE IS ENDED!


LATER---
CONSIDERING THE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES, GOSHEN, I'M SUSPENDING YOUR SENTENCE!
GEE, THANKS, JUDGE!
ARE YOU "ALL OUT" FOR VICTORY?

BUY
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

Baby Ruth candy makes delicious cookies

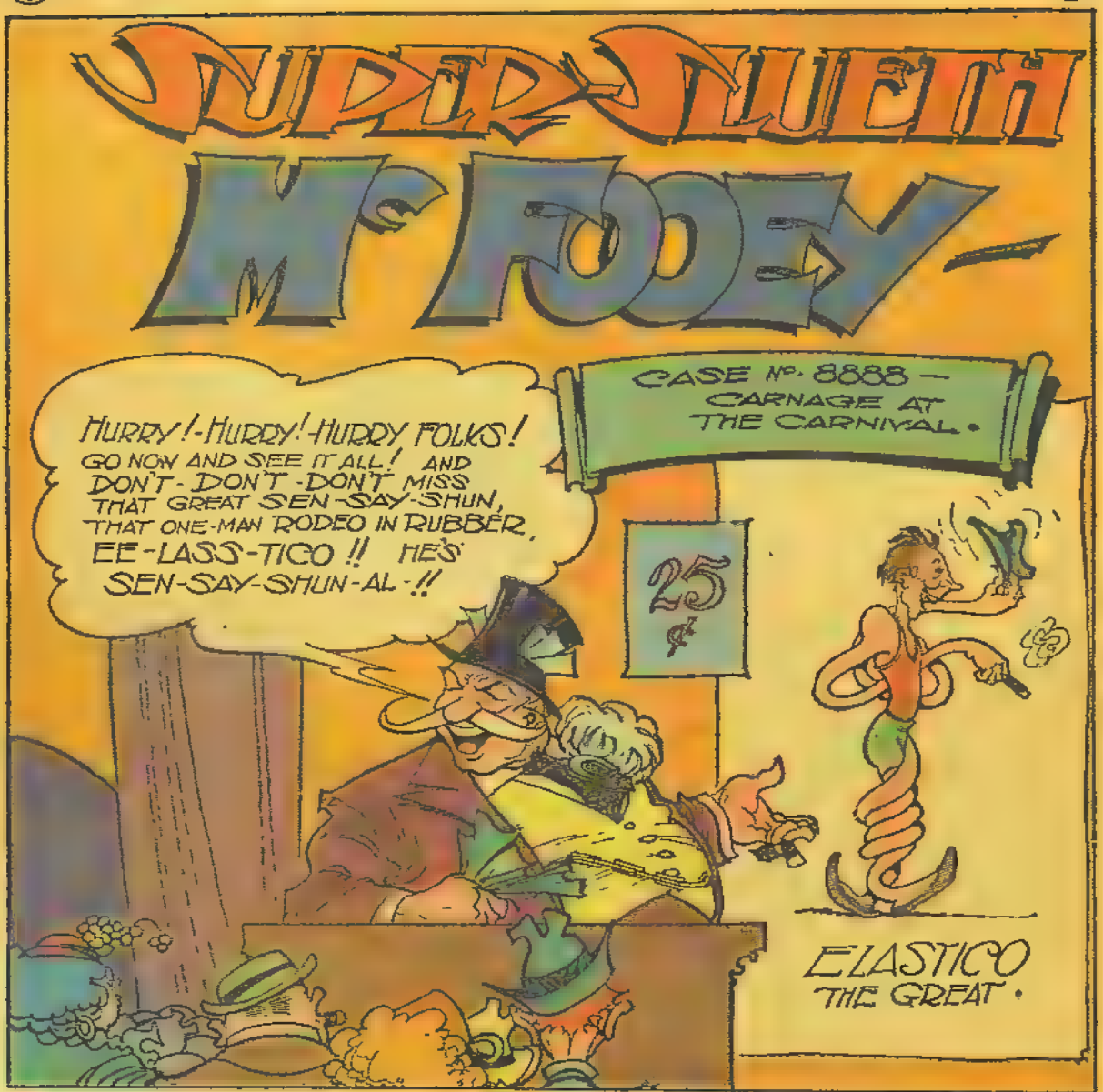
CURTISS CANDY
Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE

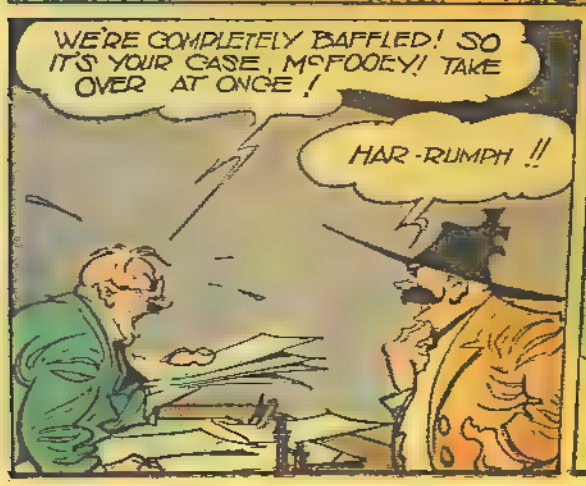
IF HE'S IN AMERICA SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN CAMP

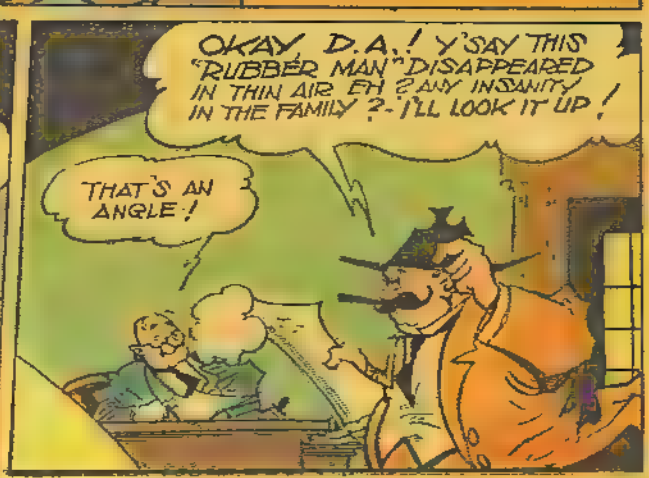
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SUPER-SLUETH McFOOEY


CASE No. 8888 — CARNAGE AT THE CARNIVAL.
HURRY!-HURRY!-HURRY FOLKS! GO NOW AND SEE IT ALL! AND DON'T-DON'T-DON'T MISS THAT GREAT SEN-SAY-SHUN, THAT ONE-MAN RODEO IN RUBBER, EE-LASS-TICO !! HE'S SEN-SAY-SHUN-AL-!!
25 ¢
ELASTICO THE GREAT.





Mc FOOEY IMMEDIATELY RUSHES TO THE FAIR GROUNDS TO QUESTION THE OTHER FREAKS ABOUT ELASTICO,-- SAYS COL. MIDGOLA, THE DWARF —•

PERSONALLY, PAL -TO ME THE GUY WAS MERELY A HUN'NERT PER CENT "DRIP"--UNQUOTE!

COLONEL MIDGOLA •

-- SAYS BABY LULY BELLE (560 LBS. NET)

HIM IN WHOM YOU HAVE REFERENCE TO, CHUM, ONLY GAVE ME WRINKLES - REACH FOR THE DOOR NOW-- SCAT!

--- SAYS THE SWORD-SWALLOWER —•

ME? I TOLD HIM WHAT WITH TH' RUBBER SHORTAGE N' EVERYTHING -- HE OUGHTA TURN HISSELF IN -!

--- SAYS THE LION-TAMER —•

BOY AM I GLAD HE GOT MISLAID — HE SCARED MY "CATS" STIFF!

--AND THE STRONG-MAN (BEING A FOREIGNER) SAYS:

NOVARSQTH VORUMPH ONDERDUZZKO VURTZKA - ?? — FOOEY -!!

I'M GITTIN' NOWHERE FAST — I'LL SEE THE MANAGER!

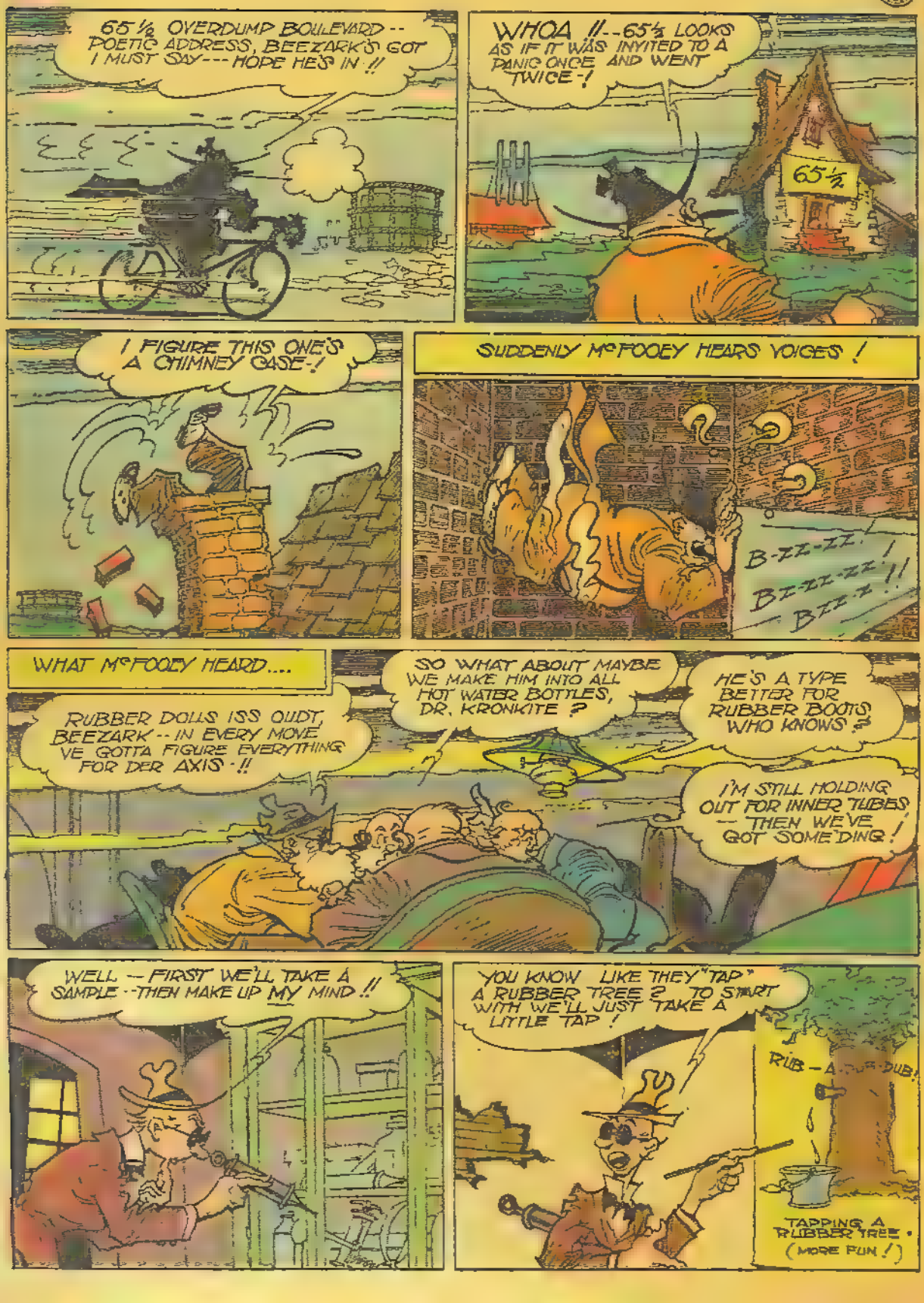
JOE DOAKES, MANAGER

KELLY CLANCY, GOLD PERKINS, O'BRIEN, WITTSKY, RAVIOLI, O'HARA & WONG LEE CARNIVAL ENTERPRISES •

HE VANISHED LIKE A PAY-CHECK IN A NIGHT CLUB, PAL — LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS TALKING RUBBER BANDS - MILLIONS OF 'EM - TO A PROF. BEEZARK SO LONG NOW, I HOPE!

BEEZARK, B-B-? B-B-BANANO-B-B- THINK I GOT SOMETHIN' THERE!

TELEPHONE BOOK

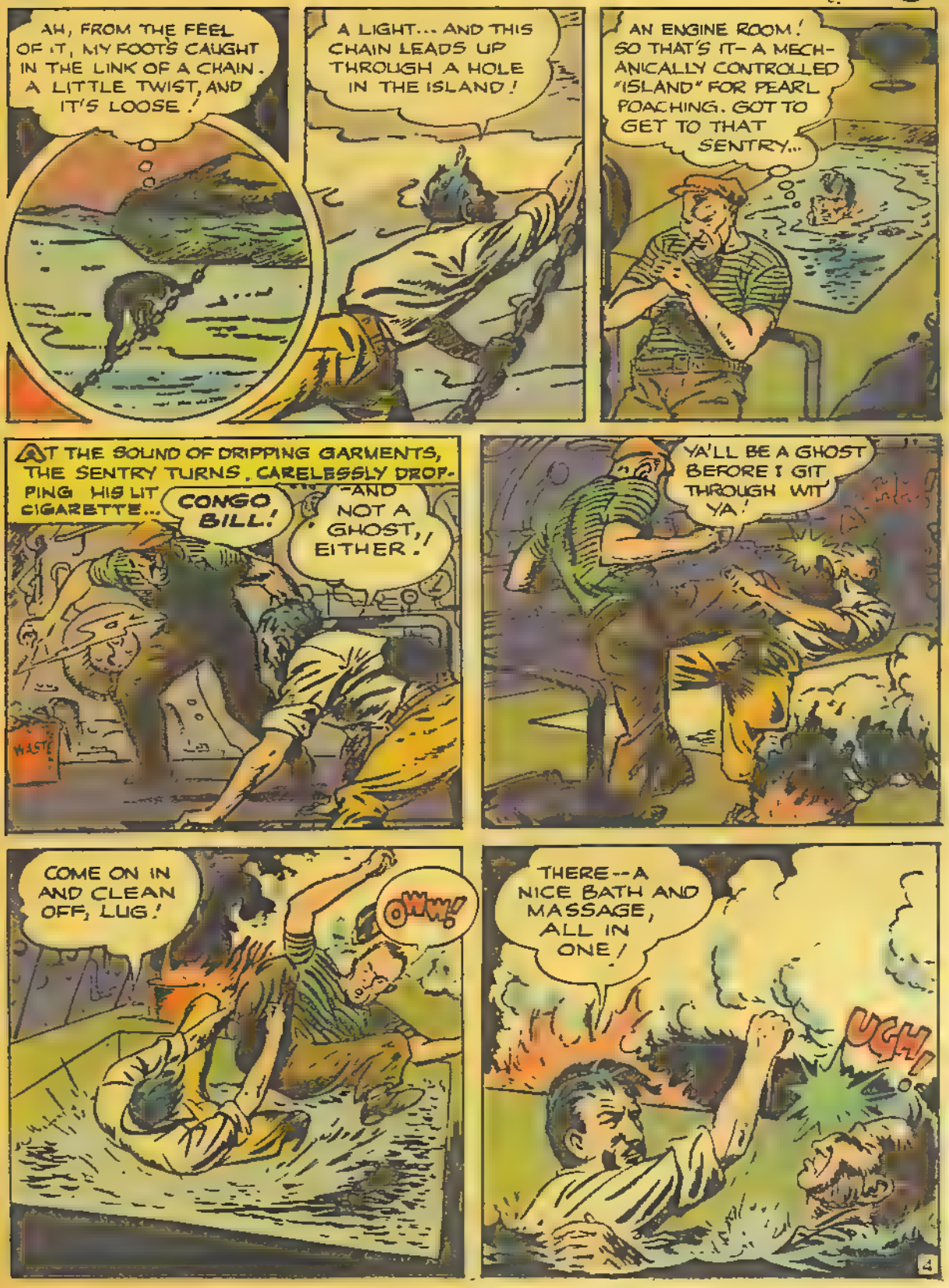

65½ OVERDUMP BOULEVARD -- POETIC ADDRESS, BEEZARK'S GOT I MUST SAY--- HOPE HE'S IN !!
WHOA !!--65½ LOOKS AS IF IT WAS INVITED TO A PANIC ONCE AND WENT TWICE -!
65½
I FIGURE THIS ONE'S A CHIMNEY CASE -!
SUDDENLY McFOOEY HEARS VOICES !
B-ZZ-ZZ!
BZZ-ZZ!
BZZ-Z !!
WHAT McFOOEY HEARD....
RUBBER DOLLS ISS OUDT, BEEZARK -- IN EVERY MOVE VE GOTTA FIGURE EVERYTHING FOR DER AXIS -!!
SO WHAT ABOUT MAYBE WE MAKE HIM INTO ALL HOT WATER BOTTLES, DR. KRONKITE ?
HE'S A TYPE BETTER FOR RUBBER BOOTS WHO KNOWS ?
I'M STILL HOLDING OUT FOR INNER TUBES -- THEN WE'VE GOT SOMETHING !
WELL -- FIRST WE'LL TAKE A SAMPLE -- THEN MAKE UP MY MIND !!
YOU KNOW LIKE THEY "TAP" A RUBBER TREE ? TO START WITH WE'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE TAP !
RUB - A - DUB - DUB !
TAPPING A RUBBER TREE • (MORE FUN !)

YOO-HOO! EE-LAS-TICO-- I'M CULLING YOU!!
OKAY,-PROFESSOR! I'M JUST DOIN' ME "DAILY DOZEN"!
THE FIENDISH PROF. BEEZARK HAD DUPED POOR ELASTICO, BY SOME SORT OF WITCHERY INTO LENDING HIMSELF TO A SCHEME THAT THE WILY PROF HOPED WOULD SUPPLY SPARE TIRES FOR 23,000,000,000 OLD CARS YEARLY!
EEK! WELL, THE - WHY, THE -NOW, HOWDA LIKE DAT?
NOW LET ME HAVE THE TOE, OL' BOY, — THE BIG-LEFT-TOE! OL' BOY-OL' BOY-OL' BOY!
NEXT, -- ENTER, (VIA THE CHIMNEY) Mc FOOEY--
SO-O-O-O!! - YOUSE HOO'MAN VULTURES IN WOLF'S CLOTHES! HAVE I GOT YOU RED-HANDED! -- HEH, HEH, HEH!!
Mc FOOEY!!
WE'RE RUINED!
IN THE COOL OF THAT EVENING, IF YOU'D HAPPENED TO HAVE BEEN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 65½ OVERDUMP BOULEVARD, YOU'D SURELY HAVE SEEN Mc FOOEY CASUALLY LIGHT ANOTHER STOGIE AND SAY---
I ALWAYS BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE-!
CASE IS CLOSED!!

CONGO BILL
CONGO BILL, FAR-ROVING TERROR OF THIEVES AND TRAITORS, RELENTLESSLY HUNTS CRIME DOWN IN CIVILIZATION'S FAR-FLUNG OUTPOSTS -- AND OBLITERATES IT WHERE HE FINDS IT. BUT EVEN CONGO BILL'S RARE INGENUITY AND ROCK-HEARTED COURAGE ARE SORELY TESTED BY A NEFARIOUS BAND OF MARINE MARAUDERS IN A...
"POACHER'S PARADISE!"
CONGO BILL, ON A GOVERNMENT CHARTING MISSION, MAKES CAMP ON ONE OF A REMOTE GROUP OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDS...
WELL, THAT MAKES ONE HUNDRED AND SIX ISLANDS IN THIS GROUP - COUNTING THAT RUNT OUT THERE!
AND AFTER EATING HIS NOON-DAY MEAL...
I'LL HAVE A SMOKE BEFORE I PUSH ON...
SUDDENLY...
THAT SMALL ISLAND -- IT'S GONE!

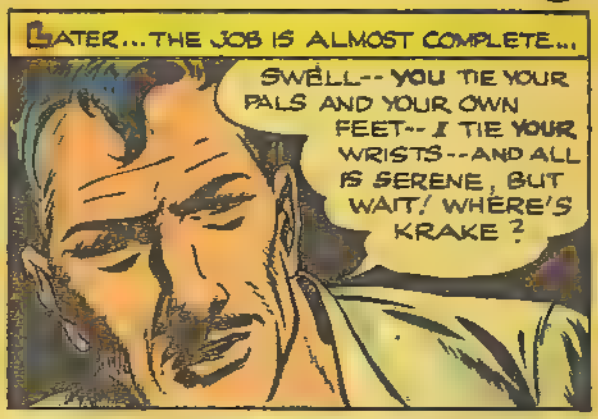
NO, IT ISN'T! IT'S JUST VANISHING AROUND THAT POINT!
HMM... A FLOATING ISLAND IS UNUSUAL IN THESE PARTS. GUESS I'LL TAKE A BETTER LOOK!
I'LL CUT THROUGH THE BRUSH AND— WHAT'S THIS? A NATIVE-- DEAD!
UNKNOWN TO CONGO BILL, AN EVIL FACE PEERS OUT AT HIM WITH SILENT MALIGNANCE...
A PEARL!
AND WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING...
GUMSHOEING FER THE GOVERNMENT, EH? DAT'LL SETTLE YOUR HASH!
I AIN'T CARRYIN' NO UNCONSCIOUS GUY THROUGH DIS BRUSH-- KRAKE CAN COME HERE AN' QUESTION HIM. ANYHOW, I GOT THE PEARL BACK!
MINUTES LATER...
I MUST BE SLIPPING KNOCKED OUT FROM IN BACK, AND TIED WITH BUCKSKIN FROM MY OWN SUPPLIES!

WHUPS! THAT'S THE BUCKSKIN I WAS SWINDLED WITH-- GREEN LEATHER, WHICH STRETCHES IN WATER. IF I CAN ROLL TO THE SHORE...
A FEW PAIN-RACKING MINUTES FOR BENUMBED MUSCLES, AND...
IT'S STRETCHING-- I CAN SLIP MY WRISTS!
WHOEVER IT WAS, IS COMING BACK OR THEY'D HAVE FINISHED ME. I'LL EAVESDROP A BIT...
SCARCELY HAS CONGO BILL CONCEALED HIMSELF IN THE LUSH FOLIAGE OF A GIANT JUNGLE TREE, WHEN...
HE'S GONE! WELL, NO MATTER--SMASH HIS BOAT AND EQUIPMENT AND LEAVE HIM MAROONED HERE!
KILLER KRAKE! THE MURDERING PEARL POACHER WHO ALWAYS SLIPS THROUGH THE FINGERS OF THE LAW!
OKAY KILLER-- A GOOD END FOR THE NOSEY SNOOP!
THAT NIGHT... FOLLOWING AN AFTERNOON OF STALKING HIS QUARRY... AGAIN THE FLOATING ISLAND!
MAROONED, IS IT? NOT WHILE I CAN SWIM OUT TO THAT GALIVANTING ISLAND YOU TIED YOUR BOAT UP TO, KILLER KRAKE!
BUT WITH THE GOAL ALMOST REACHED, SUDDENLY...
I'LL TREAD WATER AND SPOT A LANDING... WHA-! SOMETHING'S GOT MY ANKLE!
I CAN'T GET LOOSE! IT'S LIKE A STEEL TRAP!


AH, FROM THE FEEL OF IT, MY FOOT'S CAUGHT IN THE LINK OF A CHAIN. A LITTLE TWIST, AND IT'S LOOSE!
A LIGHT... AND THIS CHAIN LEADS UP THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ISLAND!
AN ENGINE ROOM! SO THAT'S IT— A MECHANICALLY CONTROLLED "ISLAND" FOR PEARL POACHING. GOT TO GET TO THAT SENTRY...
AT THE SOUND OF DRIPPING GARMENTS, THE SENTRY TURNS, CARELESSLY DROPPING HIS LIT CIGARETTE...
CONGO, BILL!
—AND NOT A GHOST, EITHER!
WAST!
YA'LL BE A GHOST BEFORE I GIT THROUGH WIT' YA!
COME ON IN AND CLEAN OFF, LUG!
OWW!
THERE—A NICE BATH AND MASSAGE, ALL IN ONE!
UGH!

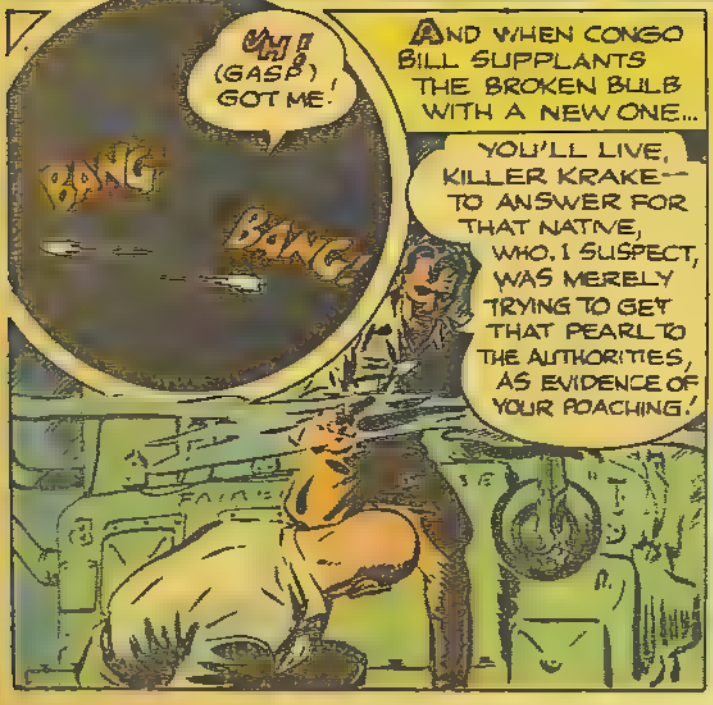
A FIRE! THE SMOKE'S SURE TO BRING THE OTHERS!
NEXT MOMENT...
WH..WHAT? I CAN'T SEE NUTTIN'!
ME NEITHER -- IT'S A FIRE!
JUST THE BREAK I NEED -- IF WE DON'T ALL BURN UP!
IN THIS SMOKE THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON -- AND IF I CAN START SOME CONFUSION AND GET THEIR GUNS...
OW! WHO SOCKED ME? HEY -- SOMEBODY'S GOT MY GUN!
HEY! SOMBODY'S GOT MY GUN!
NOBODY CAN CLIP ME AN' GIT AWAY WIT 'IT.'
THE STRATEGY WORKS PERFECTLY -- AND THEN CONGO BILL NOTICES...
YOW!
LEMME UP!
OWW!
I THINK THIS IS THE LAST GUN -- WHY, THE FIRE'S DYING -- IT WAS JUST A WASTE BUCKET ON THE CEMENT FLOOR!
AND SECONDS LATER...
I'LL TAKE OVER NOW, GENTS -- THANKS FOR THE COOPERATION!
IT'S CONGO BILL!

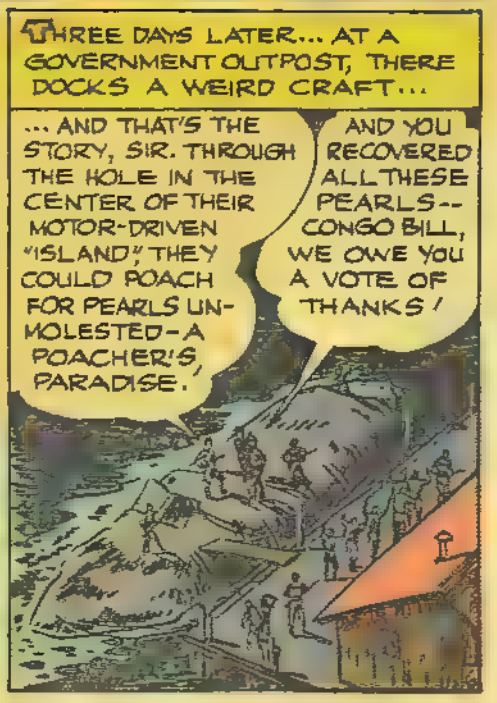
YOU ON THE END -- START TYING UP YOUR PLAY-MATES!


LATER... THE JOB IS ALMOST COMPLETE...
SWELL-- YOU TIE YOUR PALS AND YOUR OWN FEET-- I TIE YOUR WRISTS--AND ALL IS SERENE, BUT WAIT! WHERE'S KRAKE?

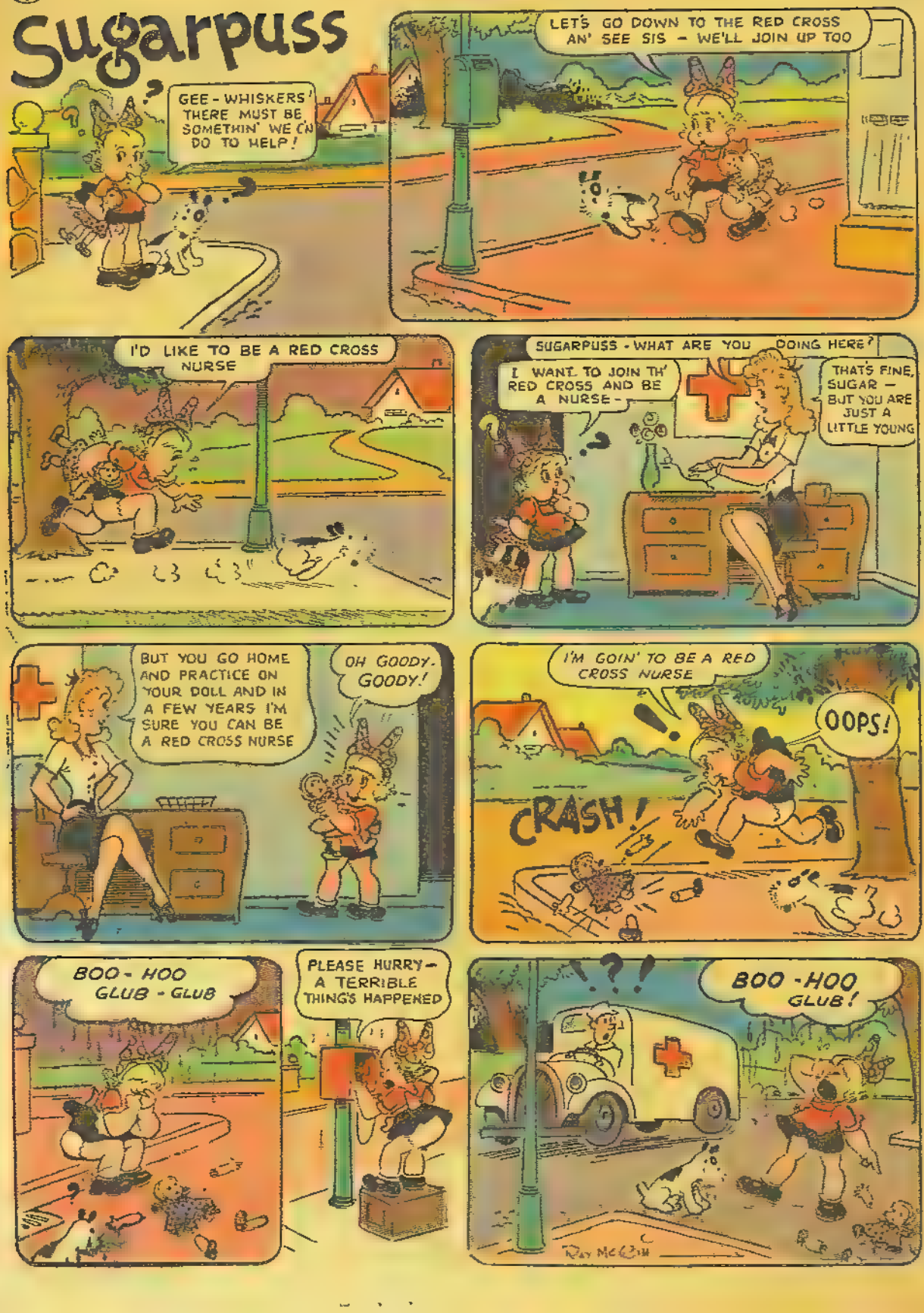
!!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BRIGHT BOY! REACH!

LIKE THIS, KRAKE?
THE LIGHT!


AND WHEN CONGO BILL SUPPLANTS THE BROKEN BULB WITH A NEW ONE...
UH! (GASP) GOT ME!
BANG
BANG!
YOU'LL LIVE, KILLER KRAKE-- TO ANSWER FOR THAT NATIVE, WHO, I SUSPECT, WAS MERELY TRYING TO GET THAT PEARL TO THE AUTHORITIES, AS EVIDENCE OF YOUR POACHING!


THREE DAYS LATER... AT A GOVERNMENT OUTPOST, THERE DOCKS A WEIRD CRAFT...
... AND THAT'S THE STORY, SIR. THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE CENTER OF THEIR MOTOR-DRIVEN "ISLAND," THEY COULD POACH FOR PEARLS UNMOLESTED--A POACHER'S PARADISE.
AND YOU RECOVERED ALL THESE PEARLS-- CONGO BILL, WE OWE YOU A VOTE OF THANKS!

Sugarpuss


GEE - WHISKERS! THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' WE CN DO TO HELP!
LET'S GO DOWN TO THE RED CROSS AN' SEE SIS - WE'LL JOIN UP TOO
I'D LIKE TO BE A RED CROSS NURSE
SUGARPUSS - WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I WANT TO JOIN TH' RED CROSS AND BE A NURSE -
THAT'S FINE, SUGAR - BUT YOU ARE JUST A LITTLE YOUNG
BUT YOU GO HOME AND PRACTICE ON YOUR DOLL AND IN A FEW YEARS I'M SURE YOU CAN BE A RED CROSS NURSE
OH GOODY-GOODY!
I'M GOIN' TO BE A RED CROSS NURSE
OOPS!
CRASH!
BOO - HOO GLUB - GLUB
PLEASE HURRY - A TERRIBLE THING'S HAPPENED
BOO - HOO GLUB!
Ray McGinnis

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Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto! . . . it spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card. 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #147 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

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*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This offer effective until Jan. 1, 1945

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(Nearest Address)

NEW YORK, N. Y.....601 W. 26th Street
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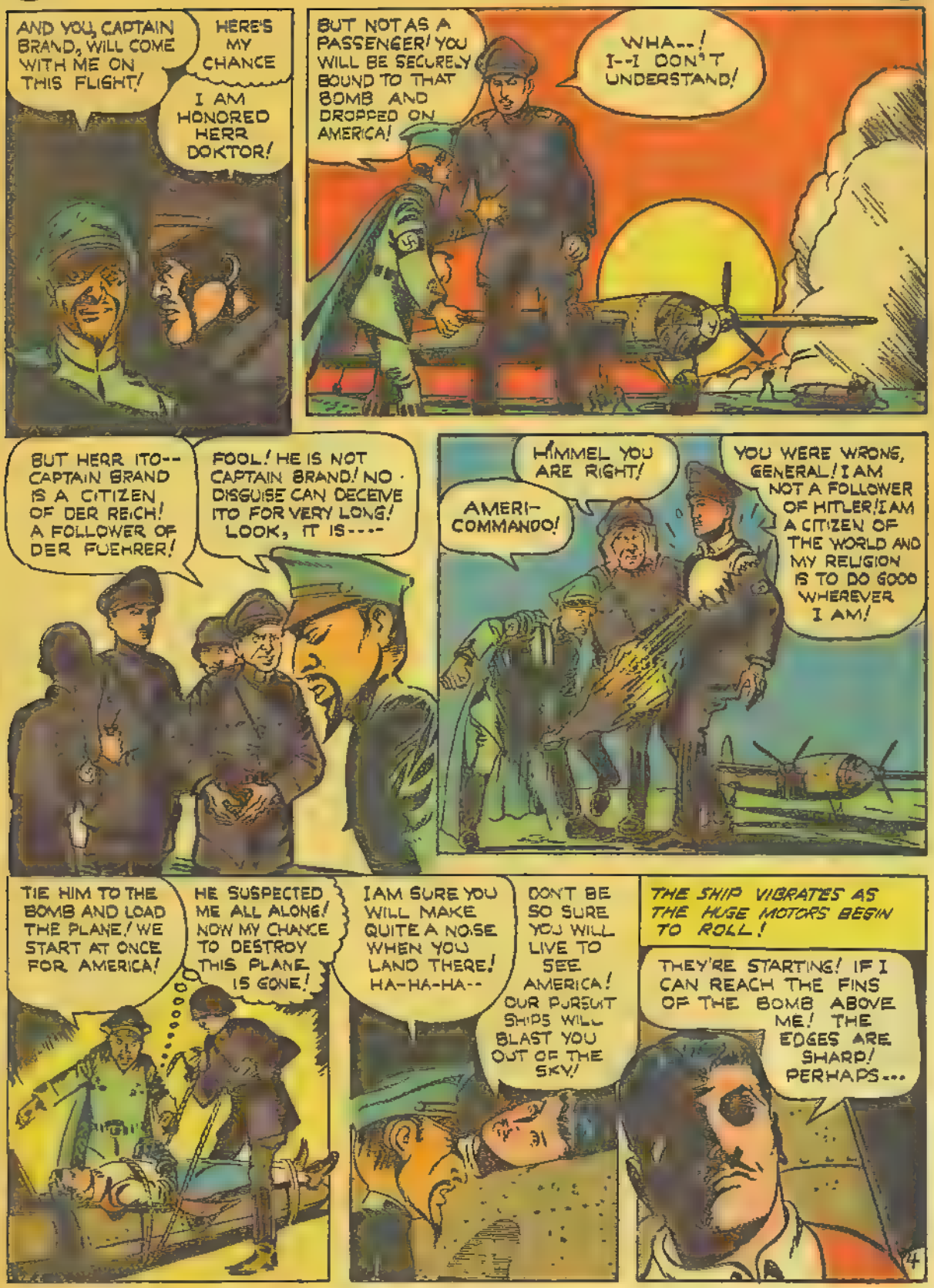
THAT SINISTER MASTER OF TREACHERY AND ASSASSINATION--DR. ITO, AT LAST PENETRATES THE DISGUISE OF "CAPTAIN BRAND," MILITARY AIDE AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY, AND FINDS BENEATH THE NAZI UNIFORM THE MAN HE HAS SWORN TO DESTROY--AMERICOMMANDO! WHAT'S MORE, NOT UNTIL THE VERY LAST WILL WE KNOW IF THIS GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE FEARLESS AMERICAN SOLDIER MIGHT NOT ALSO BE HIS **LAST** ADVENTURE! WE CAN ONLY HOPE, INSTEAD, FOR A----

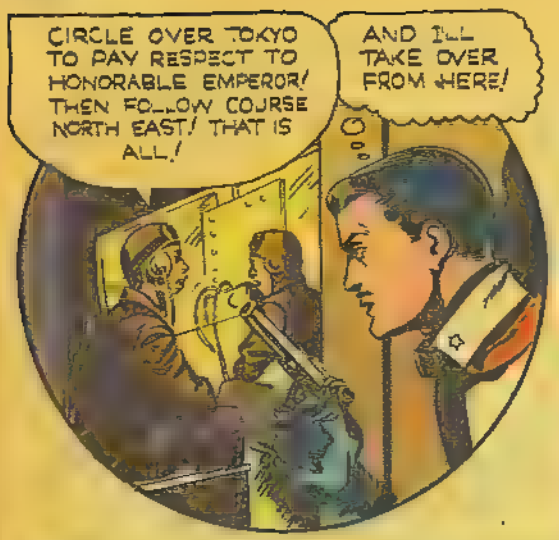
"FLIGHT **INTO** FREEDOM!"

THROUGH THE HEAVILY MINED WATERS OF TOKYO BAY, THE BATTLESHIP "HAKURAI" HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA AND ALLIED SHIPPING
FOLLOW THAT LIGHT! IT WILL GUIDE US THROUGH THE MINES!
AYE! AYE! HONORABLE CAPTAIN!
STEATHILY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS, A FIGURE CREEPS UP TO THE LIGHT---
A GUARD! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM FIRST!
LIGHTS OUT FOR YOU!
YIP! UGH!
NOW TO SHIFT THIS LIGHT A COUPLE OF YARDS--AND THE TRICK'S DONE! THE BATTLESHIP WILL HEAD RIGHT INTO THE MINES!
HAVE TO GET AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS I CAN--AND FAST! THE FIREWORKS WILL START ANY MINUTE!
MOMENTS LATER--
THERE SHE GOES--ONLY A FEW SECONDS MORE!
NOW TO GET BACK TO THE NAZI EMBASSY AND CHANGE INTO CAPTAIN BRAND AGAIN BEFORE THEY BEGIN TO WONDER WHERE I'VE GONE!
PRESENTLY
MY ROOM--AND NO INTERFERENCE FROM DR. ITO! WHERE CAN THAT LITTLE ASSASIN BE? HE MUST BE SLIPPING!
2
NO, AMERICOMMANDO, DR. ITO IS NOT SLIPPING! AT THIS VERY MOMENT HE IS NEAR--VERY MUCH NEARER THAN YOU IMAGINE! AND HIS PRESENCE MEANS--DANGER AHEAD!

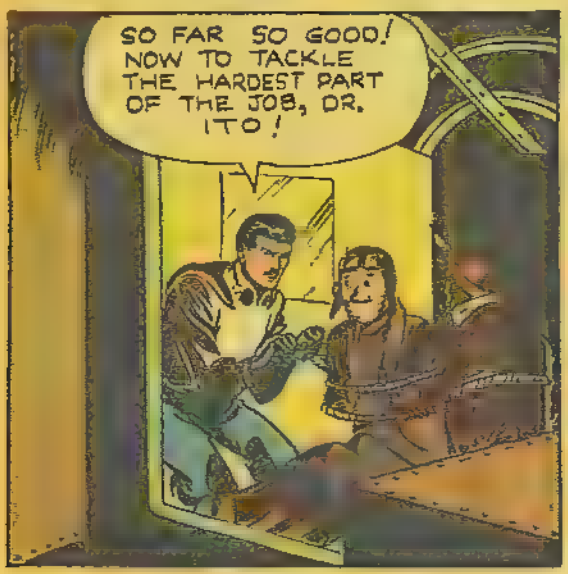
AT THE WINDOW OF A NEARBY HOUSE-----
SOOO! IT IS HE! BANZAI, BANZAI!
NOW I KNOW WHO CAPTAIN BRAND IS! AMERICOMMANDO! THIS TIME I WILL DESTROY HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL TIME! BUT FIRST---I WILL PLAY WITH HIM LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE!
THUS THE NEXT EVENING, DR. ITO CALLS AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY---
I HAVE COME TO INVITE BOTH OF YOU TO SEE OUR NEW BOMBER! IT WILL BOMB AMERICA AND RETURN NON-STOP!
HMM! HE'S GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE!
A PLEASURE, HERR DR. ITO!
AND AT THE AIRFIELD---
THIS PLANE CAN FLY TO CALIFORNIA AND RETURN NON-STOP -- WITH A FULL LOAD OF BOMBS!
I'LL HAVE TO WORK OUT SOMETHING TO SEE IT DOESN'T!
YOU SEEM WORRIED CAPTAIN BRAND! ARE YOU AFRAID AMERICOMMANDO WILL SPOIL MY PLANS?
YOU ARE TOO CLEVER FOR HIM, HERR DOKTOR!
YOU ARE RIGHT, HERR CAPTAIN! I AM TOO CLEVER FOR AMERICOMMANDO! THE PLANE WILL LEAVE AT ONCE!
THAT DOESN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO STOP HIM! BUT I'VE GOT TO! I MUST! IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOME WAY!


AND YOU, CAPTAIN BRAND, WILL COME WITH ME ON THIS FLIGHT!
HERE'S MY CHANCE
I AM HONORED HERR DOKTOR!
BUT NOT AS A PASSENGER! YOU WILL BE SECURELY BOUND TO THAT BOMB AND DROPPED ON AMERICA!
WHA--! I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
BUT HERR ITO--CAPTAIN BRAND IS A CITIZEN OF DER REICH! A FOLLOWER OF DER FUEHRER!
FOOL! HE IS NOT CAPTAIN BRAND! NO DISGUISE CAN DECEIVE ITO FOR VERY LONG! LOOK, IT IS---
AMERI-COMMANDO!
HIMMEL YOU ARE RIGHT!
YOU WERE WRONG, GENERAL! I AM NOT A FOLLOWER OF HITLER! I AM A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD AND MY RELIGION IS TO DO GOOD WHEREVER I AM!
TIE HIM TO THE BOMB AND LOAD THE PLANE! WE START AT ONCE FOR AMERICA!
HE SUSPECTED ME ALL ALONG! NOW MY CHANCE TO DESTROY THIS PLANE IS GONE!
I AM SURE YOU WILL MAKE QUITE A NOISE WHEN YOU LAND THERE! HA-HA-HA--
DON'T BE SO SURE YOU WILL LIVE TO SEE AMERICA! OUR PURSUIT SHIPS WILL BLAST YOU OUT OF THE SKY!
THE SHIP VIBRATES AS THE HUGE MOTORS BEGIN TO ROLL!
THEY'RE STARTING! IF I CAN REACH THE FINS OF THE BOMB ABOVE ME! THE EDGES ARE SHARP! PERHAPS...

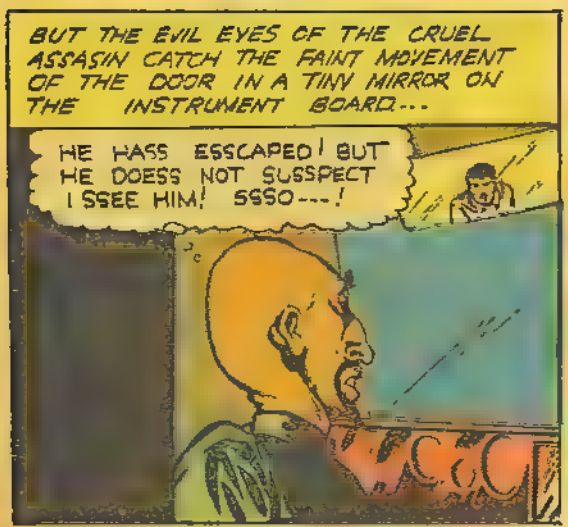
THE CROWD CHEERS AS THE HUGE BOMBER ROARS ALONG THE GROUND ON IT'S MISSION TO BOMB AMERICA!
BANZAI
BANZAI
BUT IN THE BOMB COMPARTMENT OF THE PLANE---
I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW! I'VE GOT TO KEEP RUBBING THESE ROPES UNTIL--AH!
SNAP
I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS PLANE FROM REACHING AMERICA! BUT HOW??-- THE SUREST WAY IS TO HIT THE NOSE OF A BOMB AND--
AND BLOW THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US INTO PIECES! NO! THERE MIGHT BE ANOTHER WAY OUT! WE CAN USE THE SECRETS OF THIS LONG RANGE BOMBER!
PERHAPS I CAN PERSUADE THESE JAPANAZIS TO BE GOOD LITTLE BOYS!
AND THIS IS AN ARGUMENT THEY CAN EASILY UNDERSTAND!
UGH!
WITH A GUN IN MY HANDS, MY ARGUMENTS WILL BE CONVINCING! NOW TO GET THE REST, ONE BY ONE, AND LOCK THEM IN THIS COMPARTMENT!
5

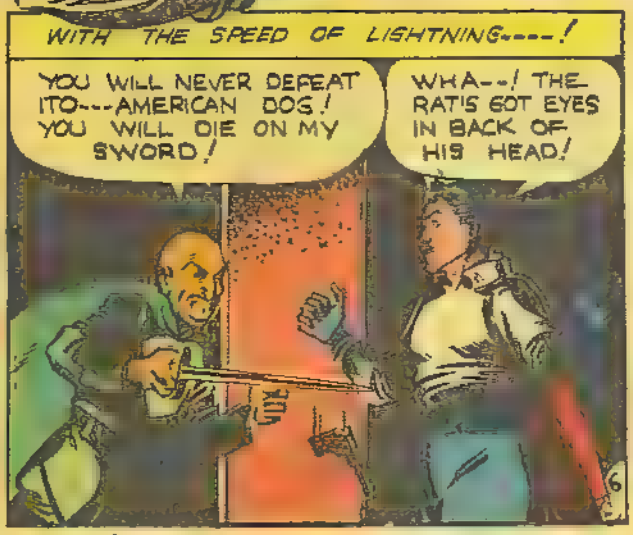

CIRCLE OVER TOKYO TO PAY RESPECT TO HONORABLE EMPEROR! THEN FOLLOW COURSE NORTH EAST! THAT IS ALL!
AND I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

REACH FOR THE SKY—AND DON'T TRY TO PULL ANY PEARL HARBORS ON ME! NOW MARCH INTO THE BOMB COMPARTMENT!
WE OBEY!

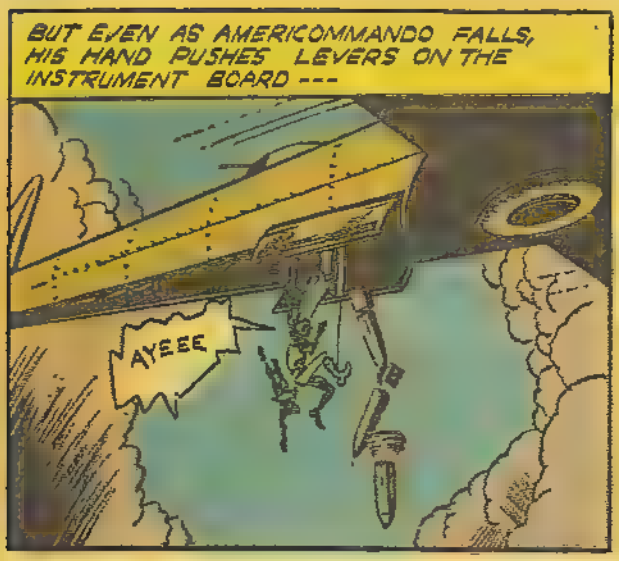

SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW TO TACKLE THE HARDEST PART OF THE JOB, DR. ITO!

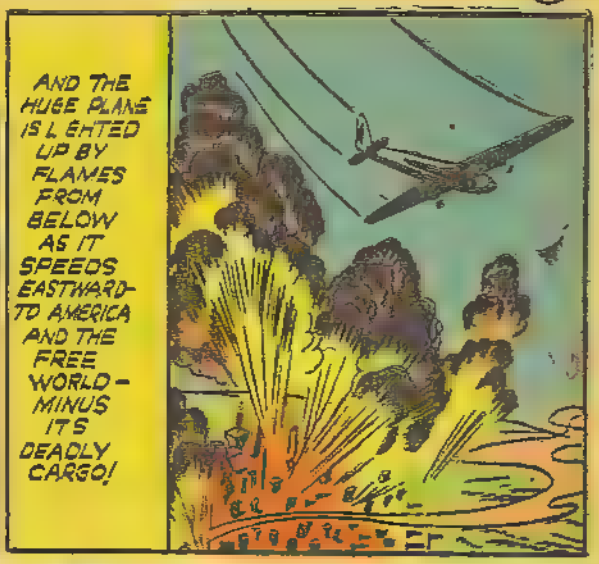
THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT TO TACKLE HIM WITHOUT GETTING THIS PLANE INTO A SPIN---


BUT THE EVIL EYES OF THE CRUEL ASSASIN CATCH THE FAINT MOVEMENT OF THE DOOR IN A TINY MIRROR ON THE INSTRUMENT BOARD...
HE HASS ESSCAPED! BUT HE DOESS NOT SUSSPECT I SSEE HIM! SSSO---!


WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING----!
YOU WILL NEVER DEFEAT ITO---AMERICAN DOG! YOU WILL DIE ON MY SWORD!
WHA--! THE RAT'S GOT EYES IN BACK OF HIS HEAD!

CATLIKE, THE MASTER ASSASIN THRUSTS WITH HIS SWORD!
" I WILL RUN YOU THROUGH-- OOOPS!
SORRY, I DON'T FEEL LIKE BEING CUT UP LIKE A PIECE OF CHEESE
I'LL LOCK UP THE LOT OF YOU IN THIS COMPARTMENT, BUT I BETTER TIE YOU UP FIRST!
THIS IS THE TIME TO ATTACK-- WHEN AMERICAN'S BACK IS TURNED!
THE ALERT FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM TURNS JUST IN TIME.....
NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN YOUR BROTHER RATS!
GLUG-GLUG!
THE PLANE IS OUT OF CONTROL! I'LL HAVE TO GRAB THE WHEEL BEFORE WE CRASH!
THIS AUTOMATIC PILOT CONTROL WILL KEEP THE PLANE STEADY AND HEADED FOR AMERICA! NOW TO MAKE SURE THE RATS WON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN!
AT LAST, AMERICAN DOG! I'VE KILLED YOU!
AHHHH!
IS THIS THE END OF THE TOUGHEST, ROUGHEST, SMARTEST SOLDIER OF DEMOCRACY?
BOMB BAY
BOMB RELEASE




AND THE HUGE PLANE IS LIGHTED UP BY FLAMES FROM BELOW AS IT SPEEDS EASTWARD-TO AMERICA AND THE FREE WORLD - MINUS ITS DEADLY CARGO!

ONWARD IT DRONES, ACROSS THE WIDE PACIFIC, GUIDED BY THE AUTOMATIC PILOT CONTROL --- TIME PASSES--- AND THEN---
WHERE-WHERE AM I? MY HEAD! WHA-? NOW I REMEMBER-- ITO SHOT AT ME THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! WONDER WHERE I AM?

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

THRL LCLYF OVTL H DHY MHJAVYF IF ZHCPUN HUK ZHSCHNPUN DHZAL-MHAZ, WHWLY HUK APU!

SUPERMAN, July
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE.....

TROUBLED WATERS

by Barry Blane

TO Ace Burtis, this new job was going to be easy pickings. Ace was a gambler, but that didn't mean he took any chances. He always made the other fellow take them. And for a long time, Ace Burtis had prospered in his crookedness.

Now, with the hot breath of the law on his neck, Ace Burtis came out of Mexico and into Texas. He had a plan, a very simple one.

He knew cowboys, and prospectors, and how they loved to gamble. It would be a simple matter to buy into a saloon in some prosperous town and run the gambling concession. Up here in Texas nobody would know him.

Ace Burtis was tall and lean, and he had a fast pair of hands. They were equally as good with a gun as with a cold deck. He had learned about drawing a gun down in Mexico. He had learned, too, how to conceal a gun on his person.

"Yes sir," Ace Burtis told himself as he looked over Hopetown and the Palace Bazaar where he'd have his table, "this is a soft touch for me."

Hopetown was a busy little place, giving promise of the city that was to come. For Ace Burtis' purposes, it was far enough away from the East, and even the Mexican authorities would think twice before coming in to apprehend a *gringo*. No, Ace Burtis feared no law. He had money now, and a little while from now, he'd have enough to buy this town.

Ace had a cold gambler's personality, which drew to his table the taciturn cowboys and the strangers with guns thonged to their thighs who dropped in, dusty and sweaty, every weekend. Ace Burtis knew rustlers and stagecoach robbers when he saw them. But he should have confined himself to fleecing them, not old Pop Arden.

Pop Arden had been prospecting as long as the earliest settler in Hopetown could remember. He had made a couple of good strikes, but managed to gamble the money away. Now he had made another.

Ace Burtis saw Pop Arden coming in, loaded down with a money belt and buying drinks for everyone. He didn't even have to ask Pop Arden if he wanted to sit in on a high chip game; the old man came over, chuckling through his grizzled whiskers.

An admiring throng followed him. Ace Burtis noticed with surprise that Arden was certainly a popular character.

"I've got me a belt full of gold and I aim to leave it here or take a lot more back with me," said Pop Arden.

Ace Burtis, without looking up, smiled, and if his thoughts had been expressed, would have said: "You'll leave it here, Mister. Don't worry about that." Right then and there, Ace Burtis figured he had the sucker for which he had been looking a long time. He was right, too. At poker, Pop Arden was a sucker.

But the shrewd, clear blue eyes that seemed so ageless, and which three times had found rich gold veins running through the earth, fooled Ace Burtis completely. And after five hours of playing, Ace Burtis made a big mistake. There was ten thousand dollars in the pot and Ace Burtis palmed a card. He had never been caught doing this particular trick before. And he was almost stunned to hear the old man say softly:

"People get killed for doing that, Mister." The next minute, the card was in front of Ace, the old man having moved that fast.

The crowd gasped and Ace Burtis did the one thing he did really well. He drew. But so did the old man—and Ace Burtis' finger pressured the derringer. There was a spurt of flame.

Ace Burtis saw the old man fall. And before anyone knew what had happened, Ace Burtis was outside, riding like the wind. He never had made the mistake of forgetting an avenue of escape. In his business, a man couldn't afford to. During the three months he had been in Hopetown, he had studied the terrain. Always, in his saddle bags, had been provisions. A poncho and a blanket always rode with him, too.

He rode out of town fast, knowing a posse was inevitable. But if he could once make the hills, he could hide out until morning. They'd never find him. He had the $10,000 in his shirt, and a bank in Abilene had been receiving money from him via the weekly stage. That's why he felt no regrets.

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For two hours he rode at breakneck speed, until he attained the safety of the hills. Far down below him, he saw the wavering line of flickering torches some of the posse carried. Ace Burtis smiled, urged his sweat-covered horse up a slope. He knew exactly where he was now. That posse down there would nose around the hills, then figure that he, Ace Burtis, being a stranger, would head out of town. By the time they woke up, he would have backtracked and be safely away. Morning would tell the tale. All he had to do was keep out of their way. He knew what Texans could do with guns. And he had killed a Texan.

Ace Burtis strained his eyes, seeking landmarks. He smiled as he recognized an odd-shaped boulder. Close by was a cave he had marked only two weeks ago. They'd never find him there. And at dawn he'd be gone.

He slowed his horse down to a walk, conscious suddenly that the animal's braeth was coming in agonizing wheezes. Nettled, he got off the horse. "No use letting anything happen to this animal," he reasoned. "I'd never get out of the country fast enough on foot." Ace Burtis was always cool and calculating. He weighed everything.

He stopped suddenly as the first sliver of Texas moon coming over the hills brought the cave into sharper relief. A little concerned, he looked at the horse, at the sweat-covered sides, the dilated nostrils. For a moment, he stood there nonplussed, then grinned.

"My luck's sure riding," he said, walking toward the water hole on which his eyes had fallen. "That rain day before yesterday must have made this, and it hasn't dried up yet."

The water looked dirty and murky, and there didn't seem to be too much of it. Nevertheless, he led the horse to it. He wasn't worried about his own water. He had a canteen on his pommel.

He left the horse at the pool, dropped the reins over the beast's head, and ran shivering back into the cave. It got cold up here in the hills and now that the first excitement had died down, Ace Burtis realized he was frozen to the bone. But he didn't mind. Nobody would see his fire in the cave.

Bending down, he picked up twigs, took them inside, along with an armful of sage brush. All he had to do was be careful of the smoke. And he could handle that. He busied himself with the fire when, suddenly, the horse whinnied, loud and sharp. Ace Burtis, holding a burning fire-brand in his hand, ran to the mouth of the cave, his derringer ready. It was impossible for the posse to have spotted him, he knew, but that warning. . . .

And then he saw the horse at the waterhole, kicking and screaming as though possessed. "He's going to bolt!" That was the only thought which registered in Ace Burtis' mind. He rushed out, grabbed the beast and tugged. The horse reared, his hoof catching Ace Burtis' ankle.

With a howl, Ace dropped the burning brand in the water and tugged with might and main at the reins.

"Quiet, quiet . . ." he grated savagely, "what's going on here? What's the matter?"

He had a way with horses, but he never had a chance to quiet the beast, for suddenly a sheet of flame illuminated the scene!

Ace Burtis jumped back in terror. He rubbed his eyes. This was impossible. Water didn't catch fire like that—he just stood there, dumbfounded, as the flames spread. He couldn't move.

And down below, at the foot of the hill, Pop Arden, his arm in a sling, who was riding at the head of the posse, said: "Hey, that must be oil land up there. It's on fire—come on, boys, we'll chase that tinhorn gambler later!"

They spurred their horses toward the burning hilltop and toward the oil which Ace Burtis' horse, which knew more about such things than his master did, had angrily refused to drink.

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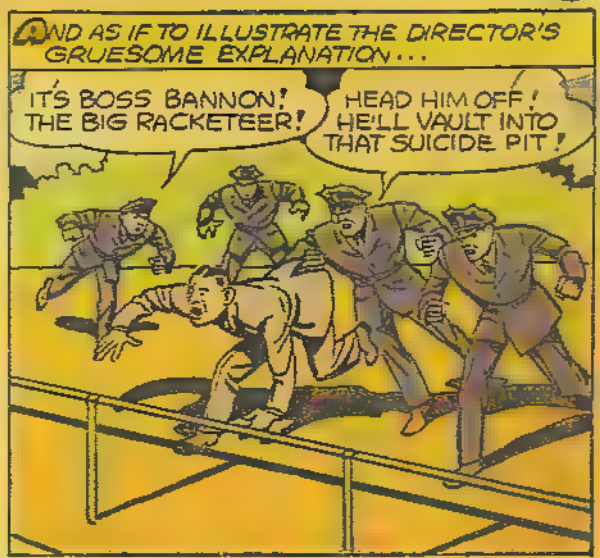
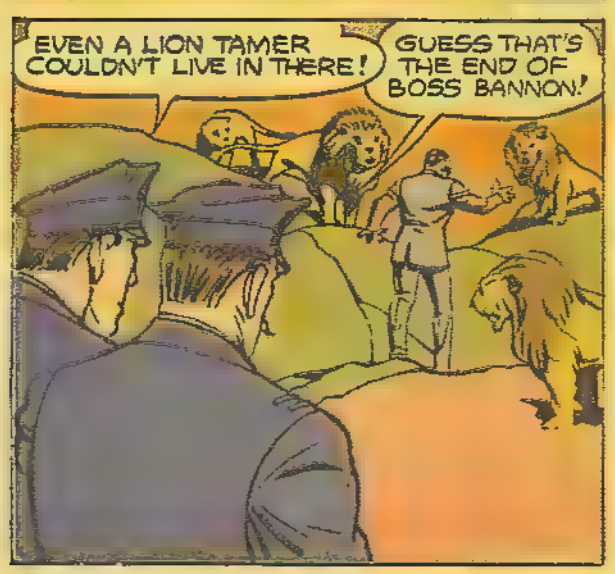
ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE SNARLING MONARCHS OF FANG AND CLAW CHARGE THE BOUND AND HELPLESS MASTER OF ALL MAGICIANS? CAN ZATARA'S SECRET POWERS OF MIND AND HAND AND EYE CONQUER THOSE TEARING TEETH, THOSE CRUSHING PAWS? IN THE CITY'S MODERN ZOO, THE OPEN LION PLAINS BECOME A FIELD OF DEADLY BATTLE, AS FIERCE KINGS OF BEASTS AND CLEVER CROOKS BEARD ZATARA IN...
"THE LIONS' DEN!"
ZATARA INSPECTS THE CITY'S NEW ZOO WITH DIRECTOR HARKER...
...AND WE'RE PRETTY PROUD OF THIS LION RUN!
WHY, IT'S JUST LIKE AN AFRICAN PLAIN!
TRUE, BUT THE OLD-FASHIONED CLOSED CAGES WERE SAFER, APPARENTLY! WE'VE HAD SIX SUICIDES HERE ALREADY...
SUICIDES? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

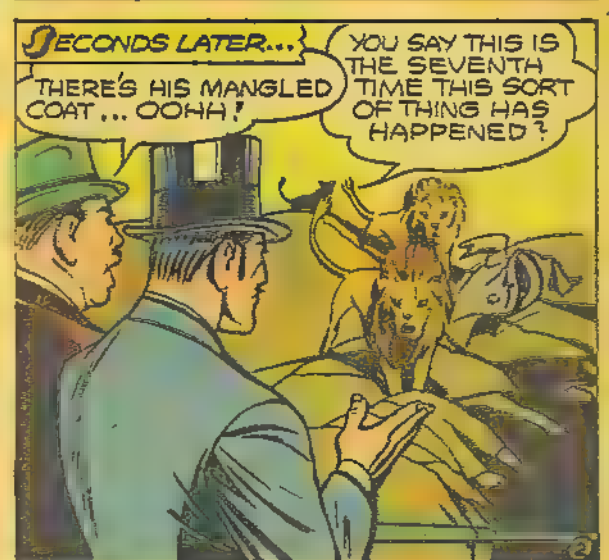
THAT WIDE HOLLOW KEEPS THE LIONS IN... BUT DESPERATE CRIMINALS KEEP JUMPING TO THEIR DEATH...
HEY! THE COPS! THEY'RE CHASING SOMEONE...

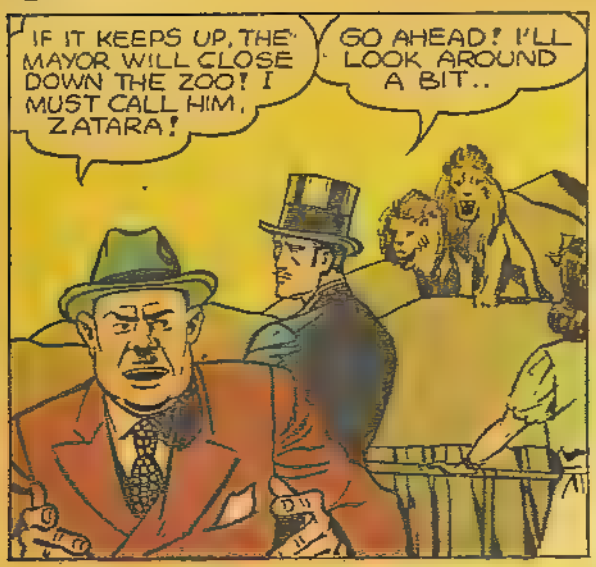

AND AS IF TO ILLUSTRATE THE DIRECTOR'S GRUESOME EXPLANATION...
IT'S BOSS BANNON! THE BIG RACKETEER!
HEAD HIM OFF! HE'LL VAULT INTO THAT SUICIDE PIT!

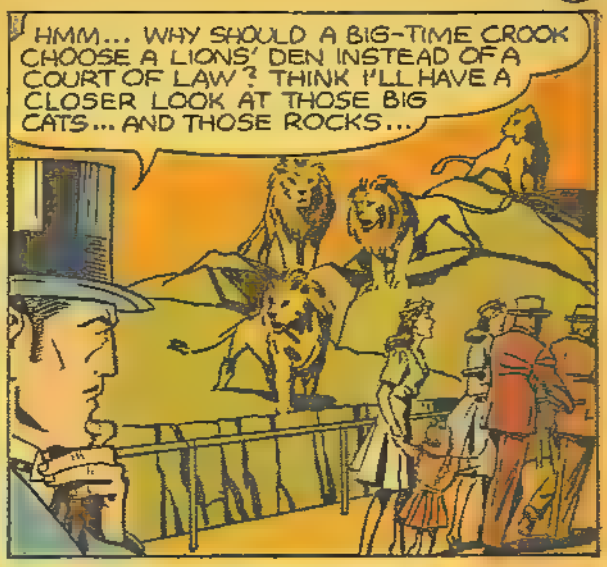
NO COPS AN' NO CRIMINAL COURTS ARE GOIN' TO GET ME!
HE'LL BE CLAWED TO RIBBONS! JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!

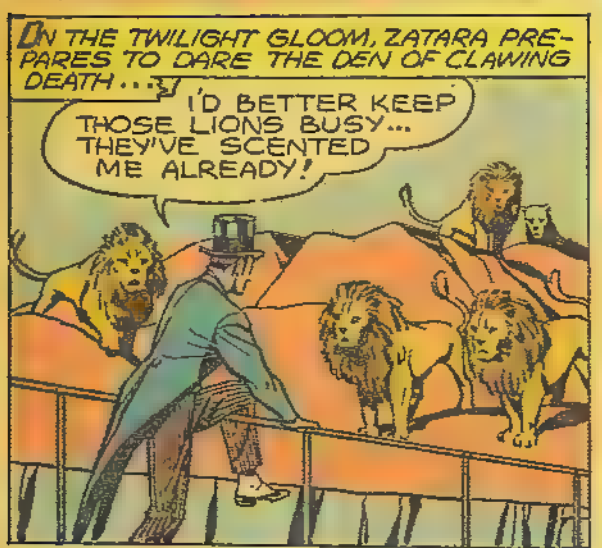
COME AN' GET ME, COPPERS!
IT'S NO USE, MIKE! HE'S A GONER!

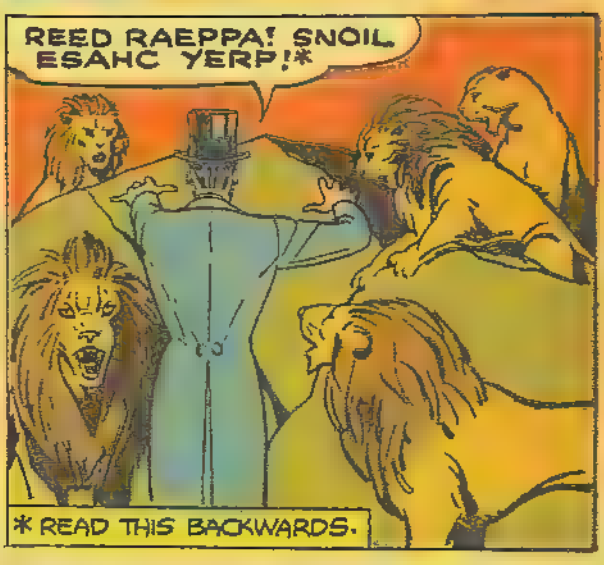

EVEN A LION TAMER COULDN'T LIVE IN THERE!
GUESS THAT'S THE END OF BOSS BANNON!

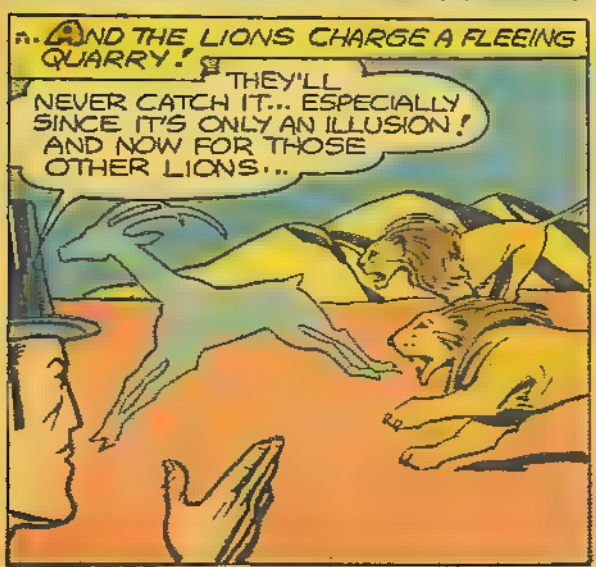

SECONDS LATER...
THERE'S HIS MANGLED COAT... OOHH!
YOU SAY THIS IS THE SEVENTH TIME THIS SORT OF THING HAS HAPPENED?


IF IT KEEPS UP, THE MAYOR WILL CLOSE DOWN THE ZOO! I MUST CALL HIM, ZATARA!
GO AHEAD! I'LL LOOK AROUND A BIT..


HMM... WHY SHOULD A BIG-TIME CROOK CHOOSE A LIONS' DEN INSTEAD OF A COURT OF LAW? THINK I'LL HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT THOSE BIG CATS... AND THOSE ROCKS...

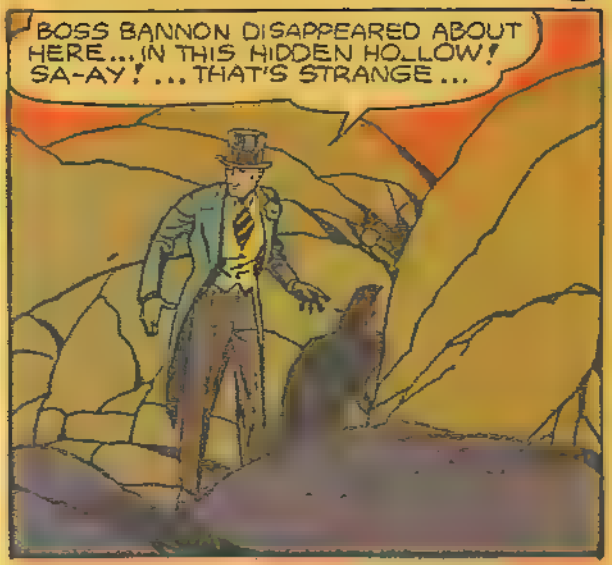

ON THE TWILIGHT GLOOM, ZATARA PREPARES TO DARE THE DEN OF CLAWING DEATH...
I'D BETTER KEEP THOSE LIONS BUSY... THEY'VE SCENTED ME ALREADY!

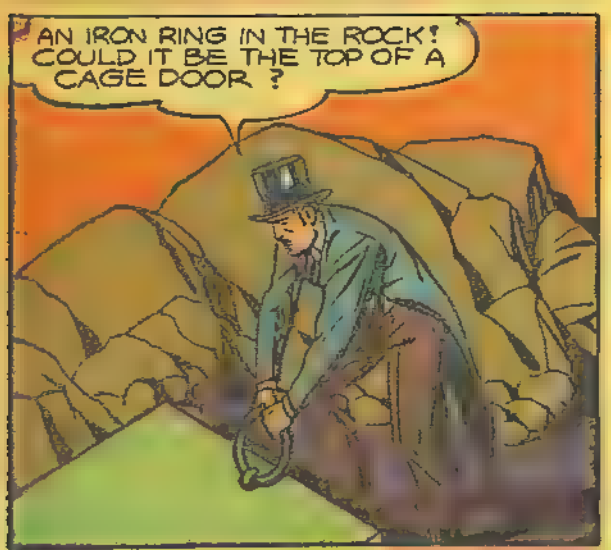

REED RAEPPA! SNOIL ESAHC YERP!*
* READ THIS BACKWARDS.


AND THE LIONS CHARGE A FLEEING QUARRY!
THEY'LL NEVER CATCH IT... ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S ONLY AN ILLUSION! AND NOW FOR THOSE OTHER LIONS..

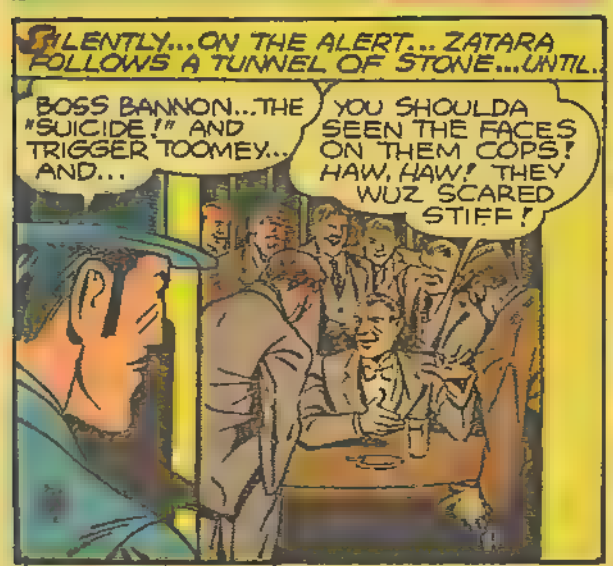
TAEM RAEPPA! SNOIL DEEF!
3

THAT'LL KEEP THEM QUIET! NOW TO INVESTIGATE ...


BOSS BANNON DISAPPEARED ABOUT HERE... IN THIS HIDDEN HOLLOW! SA-AY! ... THAT'S STRANGE ...

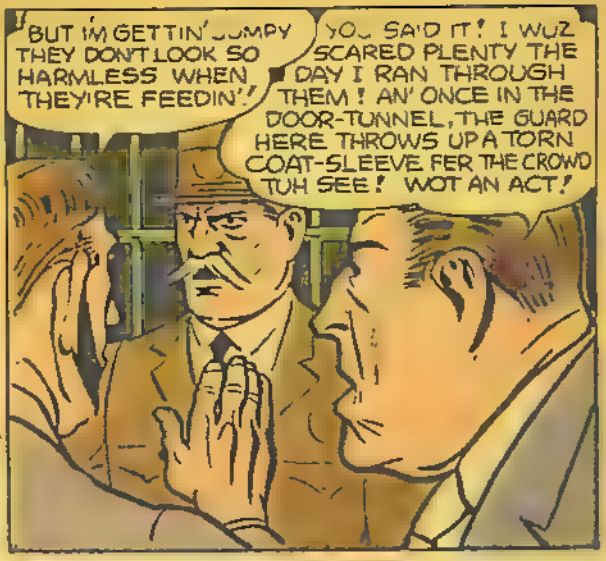

AN IRON RING IN THE ROCK! COULD IT BE THE TOP OF A CAGE DOOR ?

IT IS ! AND STAIRS ! AND THAT'S A GLEAM OF LIGHT!

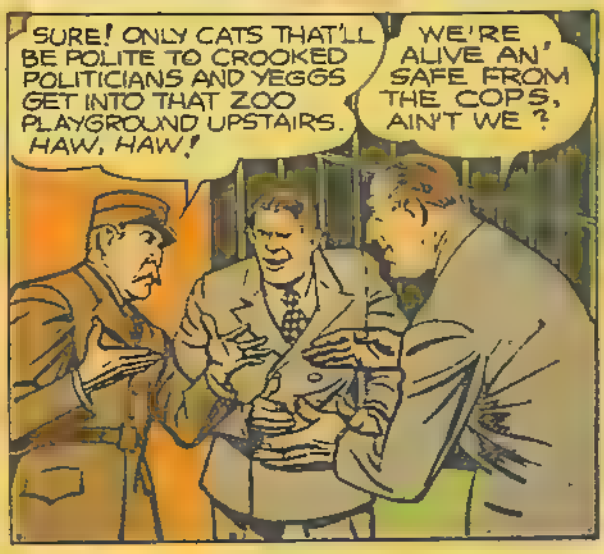

SILENTLY... ON THE ALERT... ZATARA FOLLOWS A TUNNEL OF STONE... UNTIL..
BOSS BANNON.. THE "SUICIDE!" AND TRIGGER TOOMEY.. AND...
YOU SHOULDA SEEN THE FACES ON THEM COPS! HAW, HAW! THEY WUZ SCARED STIFF!

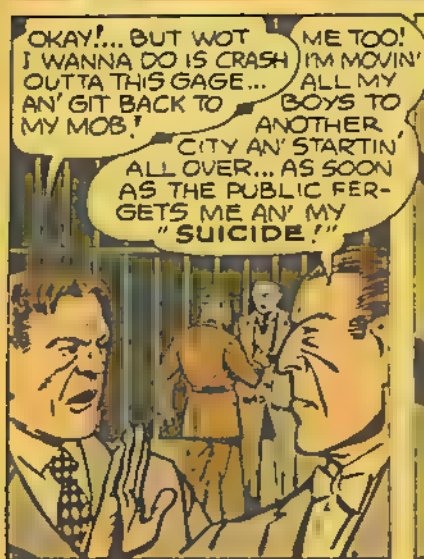
DO YOU BLAME THEM? IMAGINE CLIMBING AFTER A MAN INTO A CAGE FULL OF HUNGRY LIONS!
WELL, WE ALL DID IT... AN' HERE WE ARE! PRETTY SLICK, HUH?
4

SURE! 'CAUSE WE KNEW THEM CATS WUZ TAME... AND FED TOO MUCH EVERY DAY! THEY WOULDN'T HURT A BABY!
AN' WOT BRAVE EXITS WE MADE! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SEVEN DEAD CROOKS.. THE POLICE WON'T BE LOOKIN' FOR US NO MORE!


BUT I'M GETTIN' JUMPY THEY DON'T LOOK SO HARMLESS WHEN THEY'RE FEEDIN'!
YOU SAID IT! I WUZ SCARED PLENTY THE DAY I RAN THROUGH THEM! AN' ONCE IN THE DOOR-TUNNEL, THE GUARD HERE THROWS UP A TORN COAT-SLEEVE FER THE CROWD TUH SEE! WOT AN ACT!

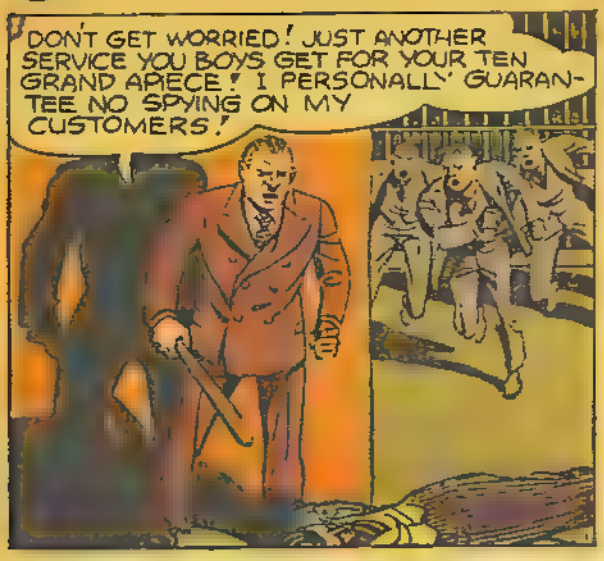
THERE WAS NO DANGER! THE BOSS AND US... WE TAMED THOSE LIONS OURSELVES... RIGHT HERE IN THESE UNDERGROUND CAGES!
YEAH... BUT DO THEY STAY TAME?

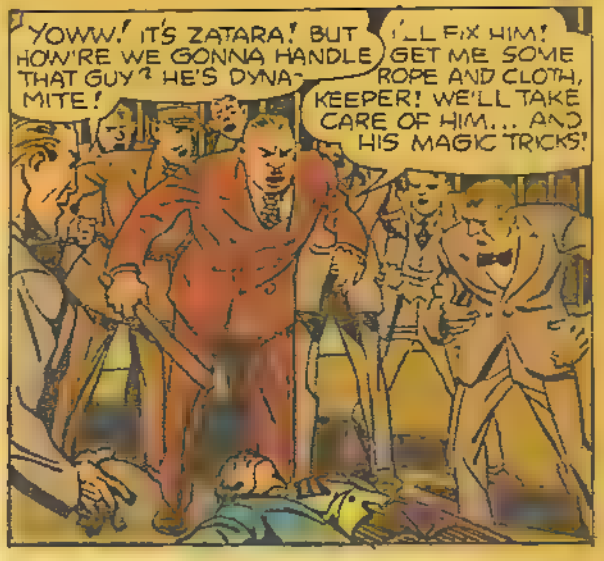

SURE! ONLY CATS THAT'LL BE POLITE TO CROOKED POLITICIANS AND YEGGS GET INTO THAT ZOO PLAYGROUND UPSTAIRS. HAW, HAW!
WE'RE ALIVE AN' SAFE FROM THE COPS, AIN'T WE?


OKAY!... BUT WOT I WANNA DO IS CRASH OUTTA THIS GAGE... AN' GIT BACK TO MY MOB!
ME TOO! I'M MOVIN' ALL MY BOYS TO ANOTHER CITY AN' STARTIN' ALL OVER... AS SOON AS THE PUBLIC FER-GETS ME AN' MY "SUICIDE!"

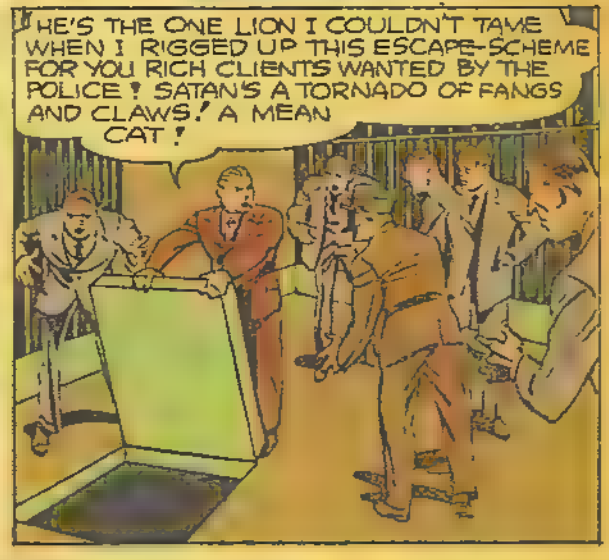
WHAT'S THIS? A SKULKING SHADOW SNEAKING UP FROM BEHIND...
IT'S SURE A SWELL RACKET YOUR BOSS HAS GOT FIXED UP IN THIS ZOO... WORTH EVERY CENT WE PAID!

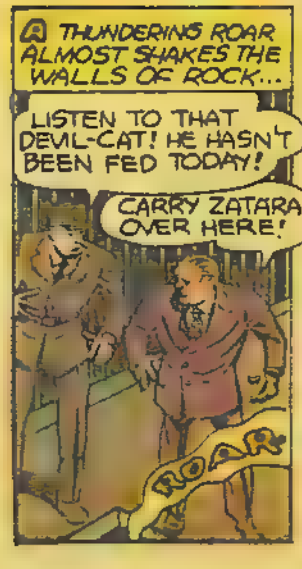
A COWARDLY BLOW FELLS THE MASTER MAGICIAN!
THIS FER YOU, SNOOPER!
HEY... WOT WUZ THAT?
TH-WACK
5

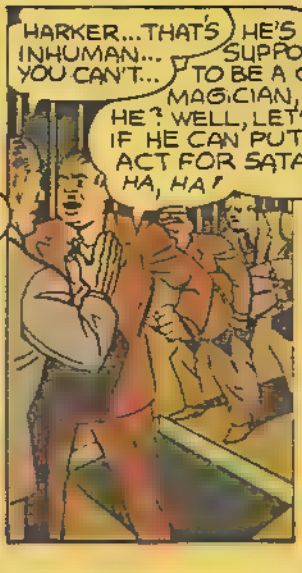

DON'T GET WORRIED! JUST ANOTHER SERVICE YOU BOYS GET FOR YOUR TEN GRAND APIECE! I PERSONALLY GUARANTEE NO SPYING ON MY CUSTOMERS!


YOWW! IT'S ZATARA! BUT HOW'RE WE GONNA HANDLE THAT GUY? HE'S DYNAMITE!
I'LL FIX HIM! GET ME SOME ROPE AND CLOTH, KEEPER! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM... AND HIS MAGIC TRICKS!

I'VE MADE PLANS TO MOVE ALL OF YOU OUT OF HERE! THERE'VE BEEN NO INVESTIGATIONS... AND THE AUTHORITIES SEEM TO BELIEVE IN YOUR "DEATHS!" AS FOR ZATARA... WE'LL GIVE HIM TO MY FRIEND... SATAN!
SATAN? WOT'S THAT?


HE'S THE ONE LION I COULDN'T TAME WHEN I RIGGED UP THIS ESCAPE-SCHEME FOR YOU RICH CLIENTS WANTED BY THE POLICE! SATAN'S A TORNADO OF FANGS AND CLAWS! A MEAN CAT!


A THUNDERING ROAR ALMOST SHAKES THE WALLS OF ROCK...
LISTEN TO THAT DEVIL-CAT! HE HASN'T BEEN FED TODAY!
CARRY ZATARA OVER HERE!
ROAR


HARKER... THAT'S INHUMAN... YOU CAN'T...
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A GREAT MAGICIAN, ISN'T HE? WELL, LET'S SEE IF HE CAN PUT ON AN ACT FOR SATAN! HA, HA!

BOUND... SO THAT HE CANNOT USE HIS HANDS! HIS EYES AND MOUTH TIED TIGHT! HOW CAN ZATARA USE HIS SECRET POWERS AGAINST THE RAVENOUS BEAST THAT CROUCHES BELOW...

?

WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE HUNGRY LION CHARGES HIS HELPLESS PREY!
BUT I CAN STILL WHISPER TO MYSELF! EB ELBISIVNI!
AWR-R-R!

AND ZATARA'S MAGIC MAKES HIM UNSEEN BY THE CLAWING BEAST!
?!?!?
JUST IN TIME! HIS PAW GRAZED ME!

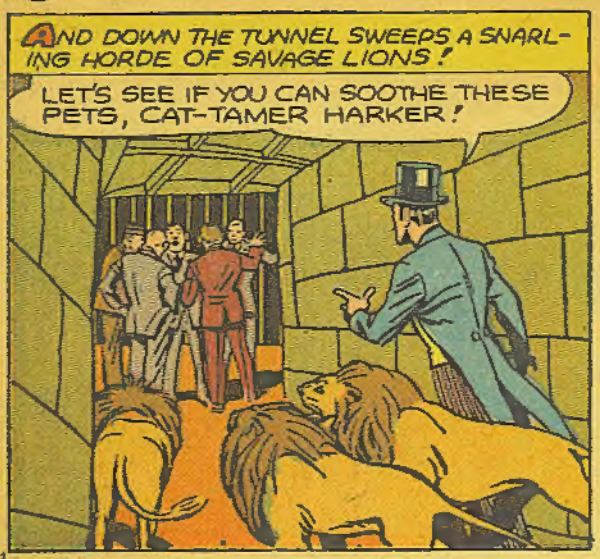
NOW... WITH MY EYES FREE... I CAN HYPNOTIZE THIS BRUTE! NWAY NI PEELS!

GOOD! COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL! NOW HOLD YOUR MUZZLE WIDE OPEN! WIDE, SATAN!

THESE SHARP FANGS MAKE AN EXCELLENT KNIFE! I'M ALMOST LOOSE!

A QUICK SEARCH REVEALS A WAY OUT TO THE MAN OF MAGIC...
I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE ANOTHER DOOR! COME ON, SATAN... YOUR FRIENDS AND I ARE GOING ON A MAN HUNT!

SNOIL! EMOC OT TNUH LIVE NEM! RAOR!


AND DOWN THE TUNNEL SWEEPS A SNARLING HORDE OF SAVAGE LIONS!
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN SOOTHE THESE PETS, CAT-TAMER HARKER!

WOW! LOOK! I KNEW A ZOO WASN'T SAFE!
IT'S ZATARA! AND SATAN!

THEY'RE RAGING! I CAN'T CONTROL THEM! RUN! RUN!
I'M SCRAMMIN' AWREADY... LEMME OUT!

HEAD FOR THE PLAIN'S EDGE! THE HOLLOW!
I KIN FEEL A HOT BREATH... YEOWW!

DRAWN BY THE ROARS AND SCREAMS, THE POLICE COME!
HEY! IT'S GHOSTS... OF TRIGGER... AND KNUCKLES...
SAVE US! WE'RE NO SPIRITS!

ZATARA EXPLAINS ALL, AS HIS CAPTIVES ARE LED AWAY...
...SO THEY'RE ALIVE, ALL RIGHT! THANKS TO ZOO DIRECTOR HARKER AND HIS CLEVER LAYOUT AND CROOKED KEEPERS!
SO THE LIONS FINALLY TAMED THE TAMER, WHO BUILT THEIR CAGES!

ONLY YOU COULD HAVE USED THEM AS HUNTING DOGS! THEY DON'T LOOK SO GENTLE TO ME!
THEY AREN'T! THAT HUGE ONE HELPED ME TO "SEE" HARKER'S SCHEME WHEN HE CLAWED ME WITH HIS PAW! SATAN REALLY OPENED MY EYES!

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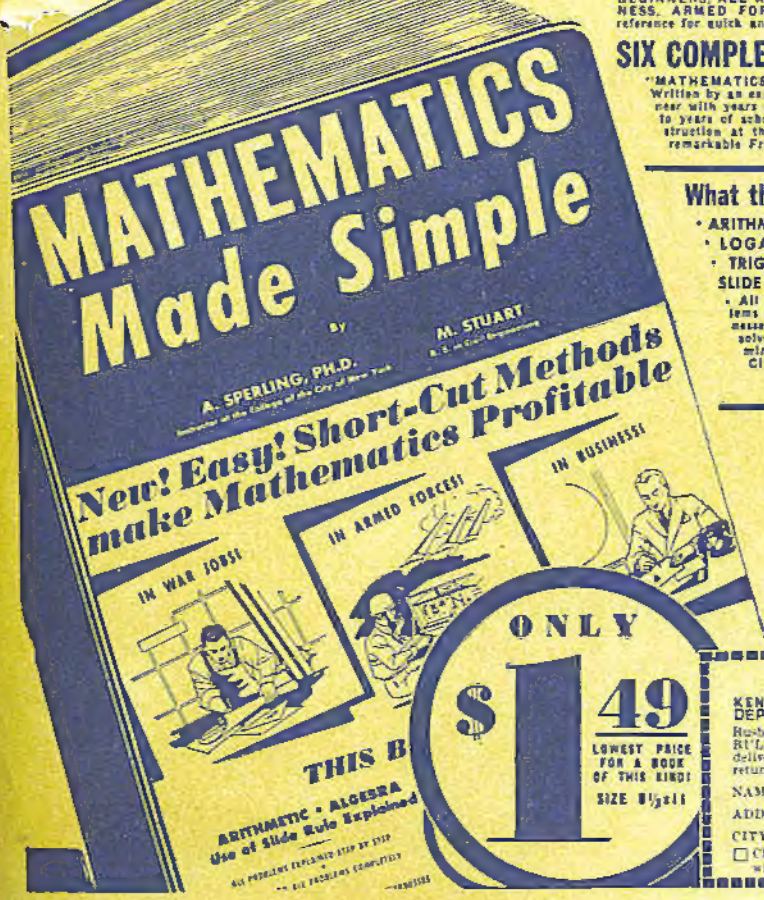

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